HARPER'S WEEKLY.
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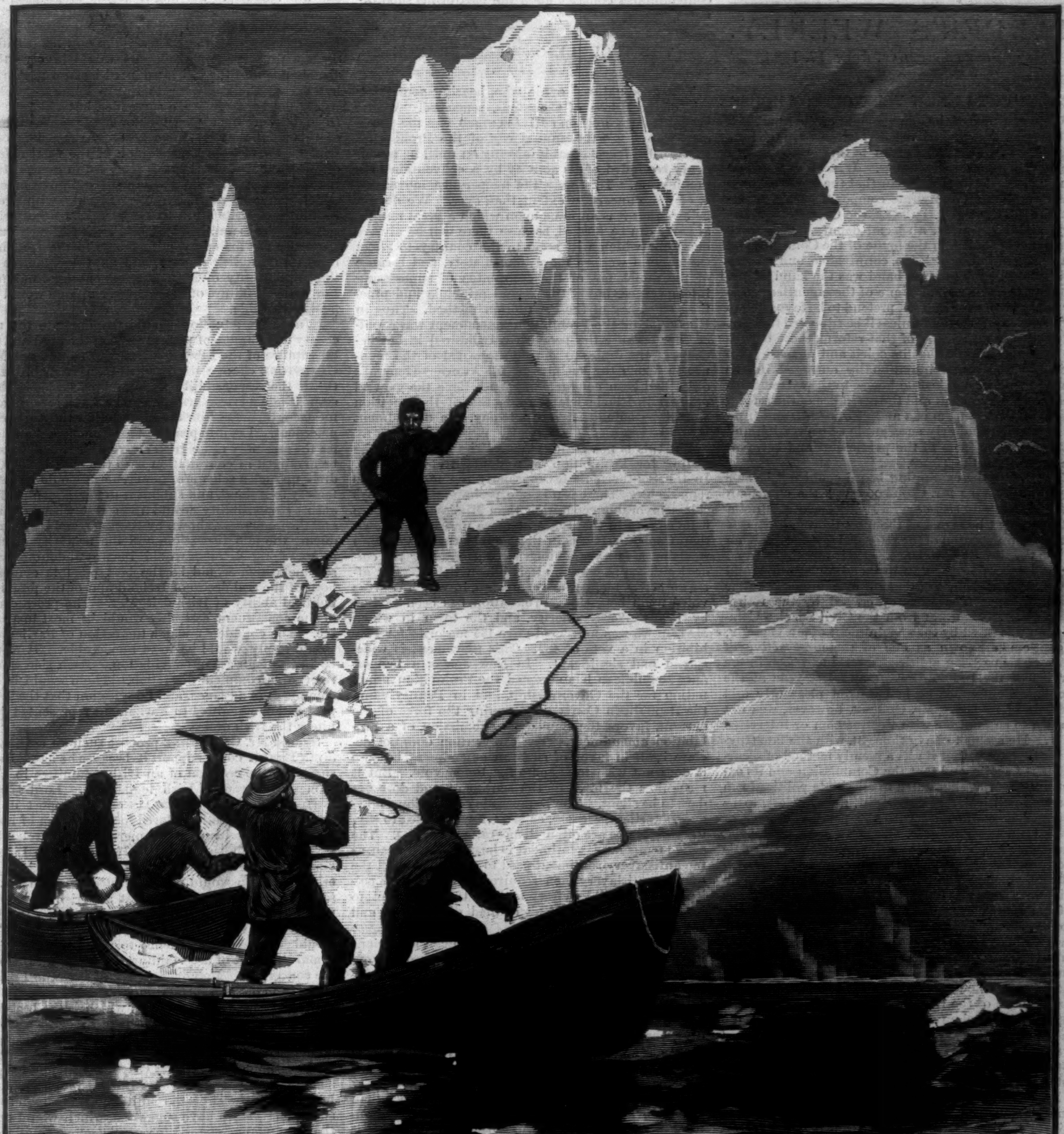

AMERICAN FISHERMEN LAYING IN ICE AT SEA.—From a Sketch by John W. Hayward.—[See Page 460.]

"HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE seems to improve with every number."—*The Living Church, Chicago.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

The number for July 13 contains an article on Ocean Grove, entitled "Tenting by the Sea-Side," with a full-page illustration by CHARLES GRAHAM; *"Living Barometers," by* E. D. WALKER; *"Carl the Lapp," by* ELLA RODMAN CHURCH.

In fiction, MRS. LILLIE'S *serial story, "False Witness," is continued, and the first instalment is given of a short serial by* KIRK MUNROE. *The title is "A Nautical Experiment." "Mr. Thompson and the Crab" is a short humorous story by* ALLAN FORMAN.

The stories are illustrated, and in addition there is a front-page by FRANK FRENCH, *entitled "A Child of the Sunrise Land," and "A Famous Cup of Tea," by* A. BRENNAN.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 17, 1886.

REFORM IN THE NEW YORK CUSTOM-HOUSE.

THE exposures of the management of the New York Custom-house which recently appeared in the New York *Times* were not surprising to those who recalled the facts in regard to STERLING. It has been for some time matter of common rumor that the Custom-house was "run" by a triumvirate composed of Mr. BEATTIE, the Surveyor, Mr. PARKER, the Collector's secretary, and Mr. BERRY, a special deputy. The work was done, of course, in the name of the Collector, and with his general knowledge, connivance, and responsibility. But the guiding hand was the hand of Mr. HUBERT O. THOMPSON. None of these gentlemen, so far as we have ever known, pretend to be favorable to civil service reform, and unless it be supposed that Mr. THOMPSON is an apostle of that reform, there can be no reasonable doubt that its spirit and purpose have been habitually and intentionally outraged in the management of the Custom-house, to the extreme discredit of the President and the prejudice of the reform itself. Such a reform is a matter of detail, and from its nature is peculiarly susceptible of perversion and betrayal. The facts of the perversion and betrayal are set forth in the *Times*.

Meanwhile the examining board could not be suspected so long as Mr. COMSTOCK was the chairman and Mr. BABCOCK secretary. Mr. COMSTOCK is not a politician, but he is one of the most thorough experts in the administration of the reformed system, in which he has the utmost confidence. He is especially fitted for any executive position in its administration, and Mr. BABCOCK is a gentleman of similar peculiar qualifications. The vacancy caused by the retirement of Mr. TRENHOLM from the Civil Service Commission was filled by the appointment of Mr. OBERLY, a gentleman known as one of the most active of Democratic partisan politicians. He had been in the service of the Indian Bureau, and last year at the Mohonk Conference he had spoken pleasantly and jocosely of reform. Mr. OBERLY, however, was not known to be familiar with the question or interested in it. He seems to have thought, with the late Governor SEYMOUR, that it was a seemly method of securing party spoils, and that the Commission and its examining boards—instituted to eliminate politics from the non-political service—ought, nevertheless, to be changed in conformity with the party character of the administration. Mr. OBERLY'S first public act was very suspicious. It was the preparation of a rule requiring the boards of examination to elect their own officers, which had been previously named by the Commission. The chief point of the application of the reform is, of course, New York. Mr. OBERLY knew no just reason for the displacement of Mr. COMSTOCK and Mr. BABCOCK. But they were, we believe, the only Republicans upon the board, and both beyond suspicion of unfairness of any kind. In pursuance of the OBERLY rule the board has been reorganized with Mr. PARKER of the triumvirate as chairman and Mr. BERRY of the triumvirate as secretary. All the obstructions which honest believers in the reformed system may have interposed to a practical spoils course are now removed, in pursuance of Mr. OBERLY'S rule.

If the situation in the New York Custom-house under Collector HEDDEN has been brought to the attention of the President, he knows that it is the merest travesty of reform. There seems to be no doubt whatever that the political backing of applicants who have been certified and are entitled to appointment upon their merits has been diligently investigated, and that the spoils-patronage system is as active as ever so far as it does not violate the actual letter of the law, while even that has not always been a bar. In his inaugural address the President declared that "civil service reform should be in good faith enforced." The law applies only to subordinate places which he does not fill. The only way, therefore, in which the President can enforce the law is by the appointment of heads of the classified service who do believe in it, and by the removal of those who do not. When once he knows the situation in the New York Custom-house as the *Times* describes it, and as it is generally believed to be, the President is responsible for it. He is an honest and a courageous officer. If, therefore, Mr. HEDDEN should remain Collector of the Port, with Mr. THOMPSON as his guide, philosopher, and friend, it will mean that the President has satisfied himself that the reformed system is honorably observed both in its letter and spirit in the New York Custom-house. If Mr. HEDDEN should not remain, it would show with equal clearness that the President does not accept the most flagrant disregard of reform principles as reform. But if the President believes that civil service reform is honestly carried out in the New York Custom-house, it would be impossible to persuade him that it is disregarded anywhere, and equally impossible to persuade the sincere friends of reform that he does not tolerate the most defiant and contemptuous conduct upon the part of his subordinates.

THE TROUBLESOME TEMPERANCE QUESTION.

THE good-natured cynic who, hearing something said of the House of Commons, remarked, "What! is that thing going on still?" is much like the politician who hears the annual cry of the Prohibition party. He forgets that it is going on until he is suddenly reminded of its activity by a convention or a nomination. This year the temperance movement is of more uncertain extent than ever. We do not believe that it is an issue upon which a great national party can be formed, because there will be always questions which will seem to the country to affect the general welfare more immediately, and because of the doubt, not of the desirability of suppressing intemperance, but of the sound principle and practical efficiency of the Prohibition method. Thus in Rhode Island the Prohibition amendment was adopted, not because the people really desired it, but because of the desire to show disapproval of the manner in which the business of the Attorney-General's office had been conducted. We believe the general opinion in Rhode Island to be that if the question should be submitted again to-day, the amendment would be repealed.

But this is not the question. The fact is that the feeling for Prohibition is undoubtedly increasing. In the Southern States especially the movement is remarkable. There is no State, perhaps, which enjoys a less favorable reputation than Mississippi. There is no county in that State of more unsavory renown than Copiah. It was in that county that MATTHEWS was shot a few years since for encouraging the colored citizens to vote the Republican ticket. But after an active temperance campaign, in which negroes voted upon both sides, Prohibition has been carried by 1500 to 2500 majority, and the town in which MATTHEWS was murdered gave 165 majority for Prohibition in a vote of 489. This movement is widespread and significant. In New Jersey a temperance Republican has accepted the Prohibition nomination for the Governorship, and in Pennsylvania the Republican Convention, feeling the force of the current, favors the immediate submission of a Prohibition amendment. The Convention does not declare itself in favor of such an amendment, because it does not wish to alienate the liquor vote. But it recognizes the force of the sentiment, and does not dare to be silent. The Democratic conventions, however, are silent, because, as Mr. GREELEY used to say, the grog-shops are often Democratic primaries. The active temperance sentiment is largely Republican, as the antislavery sentiment used to be Whig. But the earnest antislavery men required an antislavery policy, and the Whig effort to hold them and not to lose the pro-slavery Whigs failed disastrously, and the party disappeared.

The perplexing problem for Republican politicians is whether this situation has been reached among enough temperance Republicans to endanger Republican success. The true course for a party always is to declare strongly its own principles and purposes, and to stop there. If a voter wants to secure a certain object, he will remain in a party which does not seek that object only so long as the party object seems to him more important than his own. When his own becomes paramount, he will not remain in the party merely because it is more friendly to his object than some other party, and his going will be the beginning of a party to secure the object upon which he is bent. This was the genesis of the Republican party. The Pennsylvania resolution, therefore, is of no use. The temperance man who thinks Republican administration in the State more important than Prohibition will stay in the party. But the temperance man who thinks Prohibition the chief end to be sought will not be held in the Republican party merely because it favors submitting a Prohibition amendment to the popular vote. For all that it says the party might vote against such an amendment. The New York Republican Convention passed just such a resolution. But although the party controlled the Legislature, it did not submit the amendment. That is not the way to win the respect and confidence of temperance voters. The manlier way, if you mean nothing, is to say nothing. It is the shrewder way also, because if you mean nothing, and talk about it, your evasive speech betrays you. Many of the leading Republicans in Massachusetts have called a Conference, which will meet before this paper is issued, to consider whether delegates shall be sent to the National Conference of Anti-saloon Republicans in Chicago. The Massachusetts men agree with the Vermont Republican Convention and with the New Jersey Conference that the party should declare against the liquor power in politics, and refuse all alliance with it. That is a plain and natural Republican position.

THE NEW PARLIAMENT.

IF Mr. GLADSTONE should be defeated, which seems to be probable as we write, there will remain to him one last resource. He might decide to propose an Irish scheme which would enable Lord HARTINGTON and the Liberal dissenters who have not ceased to be Liberals once more to vote with him and his friends. Such a proposition on his part would involve the abandonment of the bill introduced by him in April, but not of the endeavor to secure home rule. It would not be, therefore, a surrender, but a change of front to secure his object. The most feasible scheme of this kind that we have heard suggested is one which springs from a perception of the fatal defect of his original plan. His bill proposed in great detail the scheme of an Irish Parliament and government which could be carried into effect only with great friction and irritation. There would be necessarily serious failures and troubles, and Irish feeling would naturally ascribe every miscarriage to the fact that it was an English scheme, and another example of the utter futility of Irish government by England. For the total failure of the scheme, England would be held responsible.

If, now, the situation should demonstrate the necessity of a change of plan to prevent the final and total rupture of the Liberal party, why should not Mr. GLADSTONE change the origin of an Irish bill and throw the responsibility upon Ireland? He understands the American system, and he sees its reason and its strength. Let him therefore follow the American precedent. Let him propose that Parliament authorize the assembly of an Irish convention, the details to be arranged in consultation with the Irish leaders, to draw up such a scheme of home rule as would be satisfactory to Ireland, and submit it to Parliament. The entire responsibility would then rest with Ireland, and the good sense shown by PARNELL and his friends during the late discussion, and the necessity of care in maturing details, would insure undoubtedly a scheme which would be the best possible evidence both of the real desire of Ireland and of the practical political ability of Irish delegates. The proceedings of the constituent assembly would be most instructive. The confidence which the action of Parliament would imply would be most serviceable. It would be in itself an act of conciliation. Each side would reserve its complete discretion. There would be no committal in advance, and no question that the Irish proposition submitted to Parliament represented definitely the Irish desire.

Should Mr. GLADSTONE propose such an assembly, JOHN BRIGHT could support it, because he has already suggested the creation of an Irish committee in Parliament to prepare Irish legislation. Lord HARTINGTON and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN could support it, because they have both declared for some form of home rule, and this scheme would merely invite Ireland to say what form she wished. If these three Liberal chiefs could agree in its support, no considerable Liberal opposition would be manifested. It can not be said in advance, of course, that an Irish scheme so presented would be ratified by Parliament. But the probabilities would be very favorable, and the effort would be made in obedience to the sound constitutional principle of ascertaining the wishes of the people concerned. Moreover, it would save the Liberal party from dissolution, and incline all sides to a spirit of forbearance and concession, which is the best possible spirit in which to undertake so great a work. Whatever, therefore, the final result of the election, as between GLADSTONE and anti-GLADSTONE members, we hope that Mr. GLADSTONE will not resign, should there be an adequate Liberal majority, until he has made the effort to reunite the party upon some such policy as we have suggested, which would open the only present method for a satisfactory solution of the Irish question.

BOYCOTTERS PUNISHED.

A JUST and fearless judge, in the old Oriental phrase, is a fortress and a strength, and this is the especial praise of Judge BARRETT. Called to his seat without opposition, and by a general sense both of his fitness and his courage, his course has justified public confidence in a community which has had sometimes occasion to know judges of another kind. The remarks of Judge BARRETT in sentencing the foreign boycotters expressed the general and strong public conviction. Boycotting, as he said, is essen-

tially an un-American and anti-American offence. It is a wanton and cowardly invasion of liberty, all the meaner that it masks itself under a pretence of individual right. Every man has a right to work upon such terms as he chooses, and every man has a right to trade with whom he will. By the same right a dozen persons may agree to deal with one man, and not with another. But here the right ends. The attempt, single or combined, to interfere with the equal right of others, is properly a penal offence, and this is boycotting.

It is one of the good results of the strikes and similar movements of the spring and summer that they have led to discussions which have cleared up much vagueness of thought and sophistry, and have defined more distinctly both the rights of the individual and of society. The national patience and good-humor and the habit of absolutely free discussion in this country have been grossly abused by foreigners, and the conviction of MOST and of WILZIG and his associates in New York, and of the anarchists in Milwaukee, are emphatic proofs of the resolution of the people that such abuses shall stop. The problem which is known as the labor question—a real problem which cannot be ridiculed or roared down—is not to be approached in the spirit of anarchists nor settled by boycotters. The solution has been aided, indeed, as we say, by the movements of the spring, but only as they have shown that anarchy in any form is not a solution.

It would be a dangerous error to suppose that the wise and prompt disposition which Judge BARRETT has made of the specific question before him marks the end of the discussion, of which the crimes of the boycotters are phenomena. The substance of the question is of the highest importance. It is the inquiry of the fair division of the results of production among the forces of production, and no inquiry is more interesting or more vital to the general peace and prosperity. But every form of anarchy, from the boycott up to the street massacres of Chicago, is a blunder as well as a crime, and none are so much concerned to repress them as those whom they affect to help. It is the clearer perception of this truth which is the gain of the labor troubles of this year.

THE EDMUNDS PLAN.

SENATOR EDMUNDS has introduced a bill providing for the appointment of the great multitude of subordinate officers of the government by the President alone, without the confirmation of the Senate. They are to hold office for four years, and they are to be removed only by the judges of the United States courts after charges and a hearing. The most striking point in this proposed legislation is its apparent neglect of the decision of the First Congress, and what Mr. WEBSTER acknowledged to be the settled tradition of the government, which vests the absolute power of removal in the President. Indeed, on the very day on which Senator EDMUNDS introduced his bill, Senator HOAR said, in his speech denouncing the President for breaking solemn pledges:

"A large majority of the Senate, as I think, believe further that the spirit of the Constitution requires that the Executive should be clothed with the sole power and responsibility of the removal of executive officers—a power and responsibility which it was not intended the Senate should share."

Mr. HOAR evidently overlooked the decision of the Supreme Court in the case of PERKINS, in October, 1885, or he interprets it differently from Mr. EDMUNDS, who says that in that case

"it was held unanimously that, in respect of all officers the appointment of whom the Constitution authorized Congress to vest in the President of the United States, Congress had the undoubted power of fixing the qualifications, tenure, and terms upon which appointments should be made, and the conditions and limitations under which dismissals should occur—in short, that over such offices the law of Congress was absolutely supreme."

It is upon this decision that his bill is largely founded.

In providing for appointment by the President alone he follows JOHN ADAMS, who held that to be the better course. It prevents bargains, and checks that form of corruption by patronage, and it enforces the logic of the decision of '89 that the President, being responsible for administration, ought to select his own agents. In fact, says Mr. EDMUNDS, the President does really appoint these officers now, and it is wise for many reasons to recognize the fact. His second provision, however, the reënactment of the four years' law, would be fatal to the reform he seeks. The limit of the term to that of an administration invites a clean party sweep of the service, and by retaining the poison of partisanship in the great body of the service, constantly threatens the limitation itself and the whole reformed system. If Congress should sanction the removal of postmasters and collectors every four years, the rule would be applied inevitably and inexorably to their subordinates.

The remaining point, removal by a court of law, is an extraordinary proposition. Mr. EDMUNDS, indeed, is correct in saying that great wrong is done by the power of removal, which the present law leaves unrestricted. But this wrong is due to two causes, the very limited range of the reformed system, and the fact of the practical monopoly of the service by one party. When, however, the system is widely extended, and its political character is equalized, the evils of arbitrary removal will be no greater than in private service. The scheme of Mr. EDMUNDS overlooks the fact that efficiency in the service depends largely upon discipline, to which the authority of removal in the head of the office is essential. It also forgets that the reasons for removal are such as are not always readily provable before a court, although they are quite sufficient. Moreover, removal under Mr. EDMUNDS's scheme would be equivalent in the popular mind to conviction of a felony or misdemeanor. The object is a good one, namely, to prevent the abuse of removal. But when the general public service is placed upon the footing of private service, such abuse will be reduced to a minimum. The true principle of reform, it must be remembered, is simple, and when clearly perceived, it suggests easily its own methods. That principle is the transaction of the non-political public business, such, for instance, as carrying and distributing the mails, as private business is transacted. There is no more reason to invoke the courts to remove a postmaster or an Indian agent than to remove a messenger of the Senate.

THE FINANCIAL SITUATION.

THE financial statements at the end of the first full fiscal year of the CLEVELAND administration do not justify the apprehension of financial disaster which was one of the strong arguments against Mr. CLEVELAND's election in 1884. The Springfield *Republican* summarizes the statements as follows:

"The revenue and expenditures for the year compare as follows with those of the year preceding:

RECEIPTS.

	1885–6.	1884–5.
Customs	$192,747,822 12	$181,471,939 34
Internal revenue	117,034,523 69	112,498,725 54
Miscellaneous	26,361,945 06	29,720,041 50
Totals	$336,144,290 87	$323,690,706 38

EXPENDITURES.

	1885–6.	1884–5.
Ordinary	$130,332,611 84	$152,738,411 15
Pensions	64,702,451 08	56,102,267 49
Interest	50,580,679 46	51,386,256 47
Totals	$245,615,742 38	$260,226,935 11

The Pension Bureau has paid off more claims than were ever before paid in one year, except in 1883. The reduction of ordinary expenditures over $12,000,000 may not all be due to wise economy on the part of the new executive officers, but certainly leaves no room for the charge of extravagance or reckless expenditure. The debt has been reduced $96,000,000 during the year, or one-third more than the year previous. The increase in the customs revenue is occasioned, of course, by the rise in importations, but the increase in the internal revenue indicates that that branch of the service has not been damaged in efficiency by changes in collectors. As regards its relations to the gold and silver store and in its character of a great bullion bank, the United States Treasury is very much stronger than when HUGH MCCULLOCH stepped out; and it owes this strength to improved administration, and not to ordinary commercial movements."

AN APPARENT JOB.

THERE is much astonishment and complaint in Newburgh upon the Hudson in regard to the projected monument at the Head-quarters of WASHINGTON. It is one of the most interesting of historic Revolutionary sites, and there has been much consideration of the subject of a becoming memorial. Congress has granted $25,000, and the State of New York $10,000, and a report has been submitted from the joint committee of Congress for the erection of a monument; but the project looks wofully like a job.

There is to be a big stone structure, open and arched on four sides, and in the centre a statue of WASHINGTON. The upper part of the building will be a belvedere, or lookout, accommodating three hundred persons. This design was preferred to those of eminent artists, but, as we understand, it is not approved by the trustees, and the construction of this work of art has been committed by Mr. BEACH, as we learn, to the excellent and well-known Police Justice Mr. MAURICE J. POWER.

How the decision was reached without the approval of the trustees we are not apprised. But as the monument will be a permanent object at one of the most beautiful points of the Hudson, and upon historic ground, it should be certainly a work of such propriety and tastefulness that it will not be a reproach and discredit to the State and the local community. If we are correctly informed as to the feeling of the trustees, an expression of their opinion upon the subject would be very serviceable. If the neighborhood is to be disgraced by an unfit work, its credit at least might be saved by a vigorous protest.

A PLAIN ABSURDITY.

THE Astoria (New York) *Courier* recently said:

"On the 28th of this month Postmaster HENRY C. JOHNSON, of Astoria, will retire from that position, after a little more than seventeen years of continuous service therein. He will retire because his present term of office will expire on that day, and some Democrat must be put in his place, in accordance with the custom and the ethics of politics, there having been a change of parties in the national administration since Mr. JOHNSON received his last commission. Not but what probably ninety per cent. of the people of Astoria would be glad to see Mr. JOHNSON retained in office. That, however, is not to be expected, and the people therefore can only hope, so far as the office is concerned, that somebody equally efficient, courteous, and obliging (or as nearly so as is possible) may be appointed to succeed him."

Could there be anything more absurd than the dismissal of an honest and capable postmaster who is universally satisfactory to the community which he serves, because of his opinions upon the tariff or upon the Indian policy, or because he prefers one man to another for the Presidency?

If he uses the office to favor any candidate, if, as we have heard it said, he "flaunts his politics" in the faces of those who get their letters and papers at his office, he should be removed peremptorily. But if he should do that, his retention would not be desired by ninety per cent. of the people of his town. The fact that his retention would be agreeable to the community shows that he is not an offensive partisan, and it is the conclusive reason that he should be retained. His position is not political. It is not a Republican or a Democratic policy that he helps to carry out. His post is a simple public convenience, and the test of his fitness for it is the public satisfaction.

Not to reappoint a postmaster such as Mr. JOHNSON is described to be, merely because his term has expired, is to dismiss a perfectly satisfactory confidential clerk because he has held his place for four years or a dozen years. In the transaction of every business experience is of the utmost value, and it is quite as desirable in public as in private business. It is equally wise to say in the case of a private as well as of a public position that a man has had his turn or his share, and ought to give way to somebody else. The public service is not designed for the benefit of the office-holders, but of the public, and if the office-holder is discharging his duty properly and economically and satisfactorily, what more does the public want? To displace such an officer merely because of his political opinions is to confirm and perpetuate one of the worst abuses of the service.

PERSONAL.

A SIDE view of Colonel FRED GRANT's face reminds one strongly of the General, but a front view loses much of the resemblance. The Colonel wears a beard and mustache, has a sun-burnt complexion, and is as fond of smoking as his father was. He is still very sensitive about GRANT & WARD matters, although never a member of that firm. A few days ago, while referring to an article in a daily newspaper that reflected severely upon GRANT & WARD's handling of some Mexican bonds, he said: "It is a little hard that I should be subjected to so many unkind insinuations, when I lost every dollar I had in the failure of GRANT & WARD. When the crash came, I found myself in debt to the amount of over $800,000. I have bought scarcely a suit of clothes since, and have succeeded in paying $500,000 of my obligations. Whenever I have been able to save anything, I have set it apart to meet my debts. This morning I received $300 from a publisher for writing an article on the war. I at once deposited the money for the benefit of my creditors. I am now connected with a company that furnishes the wood-work for new buildings. I own no stock in it, but am simply an employé. When I graduated at West Point father gave me $1000, and mother gave me another $1000, to have a good time with. I happened to meet Mr. JOHN HOEY, of Adams Express Company, and he said that the stock of the company was bound to rise very soon. I gave him my $2000, and contented myself with entertaining some of my classmates at father's house at a cost of only $40 or $50. The stock went up," continued Colonel GRANT, "and by reinvesting my dividends, and adding to them what I could save from my salary as a lieutenant, I had $10,000 in about four years. A son of JAY COOKE, after his father's failure, opened a banking-house in Washington, and I invested $2000 with him. In a few months his partner, SHERMAN, a relative of Senator JOHN SHERMAN, started in business on his own account, and I invested $30,000 with him, part of it borrowed from friends. I lost every cent. Some lucky speculations in mining-stocks at Chicago soon enabled me to recoup, and these were followed by investments in real estate similarly fortunate. One day in New York I met FERDINAND WARD. By his advice I bought some Western Union stock, and cleared $600. Then I took a desk in the office of GRANT & WARD. I had $57,000, and every dollar of it was invested with the firm. Not a penny was left after the failure. I thought WARD had government contracts, and at one time my suspicions were aroused as to his methods of obtaining them. I made investigations, but could detect nothing crooked. The fact was that he never had any government contracts at all, and I was on the wrong scent. In addition to my obligations of $800,000, I owed $15,000, which friends of mine had invested with the firm, and had lost outright. One of these friends was a relative in Chicago, who had sent me $6000. I have already refunded to her one-half of that sum. I have borne a good many attacks from the newspapers, but I do not know that I ever gave cause of offence to anybody. I shall not be satisfied until every dollar lost through my advice shall be restored to its rightful owner. I believe that FERDINAND WARD is now worth at least $3,000,000."

—Several years ago Mr. E. C. STEDMAN bought a water-color drawing by Mr. WINSLOW HOMER, "A Voice from the Cliff," in which three English fisherwomen, standing on the shore in front of a chalky headland, are looking upward. The price was $500, and before the close of the exhibition in which the picture hung, Mr. STEDMAN was offered $1000 for it. He has since been offered $1600, and he now values the work at $2500. An extremely faithful etching of it has just been made by Mr. J. D. SMILLIE.

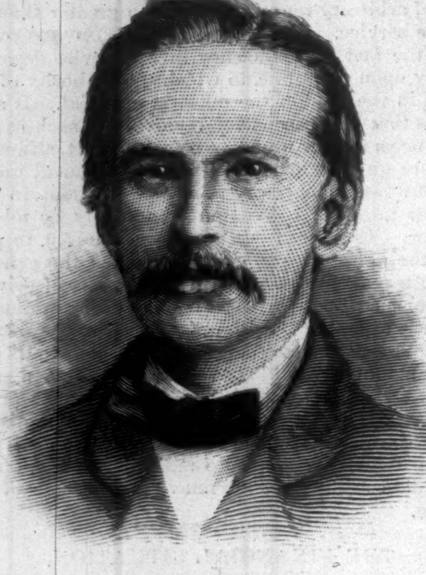
—The question often arises whether or not a reproduction of a popular picture injures its value as a piece of property. In England an affirmative answer is usually given, but in America a negative one—that is to say, when the reproduction is skilful, and is not used for advertising purposes. The English owner of Mr. MILLAIS's recent painting, "Little Nell and her Grandfather," refused one thousand guineas for permission to engrave it.

—"Sidney Luska" (Mr. HENRY HARLAND) is in Paris with his wife, writing his third novel, *Elias Baccarach*, another study of Jewish life in New York city. His rooms are in the Latin Quarter, on the south bank of the Seine, where the artists congregate, and he supports himself by fugitive articles for the press. A private letter from the French capital describes him as leading a sort of idyllic existence, his wife studying music, and the pair frequenting the opera, the theatre, the Luxembourg, and the Louvre, and dining modestly at the cafés. An American's running expenses in such circumstances need not be very heavy.

—Mrs. BAYARD TAYLOR, after many months of absence in Germany, will leave for New York by the steamer *Werra* on the 24th of July. Herself the daughter of a distinguished German professor, she has received the attentions of many scholars and littérateurs, and was recently elected a member of the Goethe Society of Weimar, which is publishing a magnificent new edition of the works of the poet. Her daughter, who will return with her, has been studying painting in Munich.

—In a business letter to Messrs. HARPER & BROTHERS, Mr. CHARLES ALDRICH, of Webster City, Iowa, sends the following interesting item: "I had the great pleasure of spending a half day with Mr. FRANCIS DARWIN, F.R.S., at his residence in Cambridge, England, in February last, and while there took occasion to ask him which of the many published portraits of his illustrious father, CHARLES DARWIN, was deemed in all respects the best likeness by the family. He at once replied: 'The wood-engraving in HARPER'S MAGAZINE, shortly after his death, is the most perfect likeness of my father that has yet appeared. As a faithful portrait none, even of the etchings or steel-engravings, can compare with it.' This statement interested me very much, and it is an item of information which deserves to be widely published."

GENERAL CLINTON B. FISK, PROHIBITIONIST CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR OF NEW JERSEY.



PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE.

SYLVESTER PENNOYER, GOVERNOR-ELECT OF OREGON.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY CRAWFORD, ALBANY, OREGON.

PAUL H. HAYNE.

PAUL H. HAYNE, the poet, who died at his home, near Augusta, Georgia, on July 7, has a double claim to distinction in that he made a considerable permanent addition to our poetic literature, and in that he was the only Southern poet, except his lamented friend HENRY TIMROD, who has made such an addition to our poetry.

MR. HAYNE, who was a nephew of the famous Senator from South Carolina, was born in Charleston in 1830. He was educated in his native city, and was one of that promising company of young literary men who between 1850 and 1860 laid so excellent a foundation for literary work and showed such activity in this Southern capital. Of them HAYNE and TIMROD did work worthy of remembrance. Mr. HAYNE in his youth was prepared for the practice of the law. But he found his chief delight in literature, and he addressed himself with patience and conscientious preparation to a literary career. In 1852 he became editor of the *Southern Literary Gazette*, in Charleston, and subsequently of nearly all the literary journals which had a more or less brief existence in South Carolina. The most notable of them was *Russell's Magazine*, which began in 1857 what but for the war would, no doubt, have been a permanently successful career. In 1857 the first volume of Mr. HAYNE's poems, the most of which had been published in periodicals, was issued in Boston, and this established his claim to a secure place in American poetry. The poet was the possessor of a comfortable fortune. But his home and his fortune were destroyed when Charleston was captured, and he was obliged to turn his pen to procuring a living. He was for many years an invalid, but the unwearying devotion of Mrs. HAYNE, who survives him, kept him true to his high purpose. In prosperity and in poverty alike he was a conscientious literary worker.

GENERAL CLINTON B. FISK.

GENERAL CLINTON B. FISK gives greater prominence to the Prohibition ticket in New Jersey, on which he is a candidate for Governor, than he gets from it; for General FISK has for many years been known in every part of the Union as a soldier, as a promoter of education, especially of the freedmen, as a prominent layman in ecclesiastical work, and as an advocate of prohibition.

He was born at York, Livingston County, New York. In his infancy his father emigrated to Michigan. He was prepared, paying in part his own expenses during his preparatory course, to enter the University of Michigan, but bad health forced him from his studies into commercial pursuits. After a successful career as merchant, miller, and banker in Michigan, he removed to St. Louis in 1859. Early in the war he became Colonel of the Thirty-third Missouri Infantry in the Union army; he was promoted to Brigadier-General in 1862; he was promoted to Brevet Major-General of Volunteers in 1865; and after the end of the war he was Assistant Commissioner under General HOWARD in the management of the Freedmen's Bureau in Kentucky and Tennessee.

General FISK is President of the Board of Trustees of Fisk University, for colored students, at Nashville, a trustee of Dickinson College, Pennsylvania, of Drew Theological Seminary and Pennington Seminary, New Jersey, and of Albion College, Michigan. He is a trustee of the American Missionary Association; he is also a member of the Book Committee of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and he has done Methodism conspicuous service in his work toward a reunion of the Northern and Southern branches of the Church.

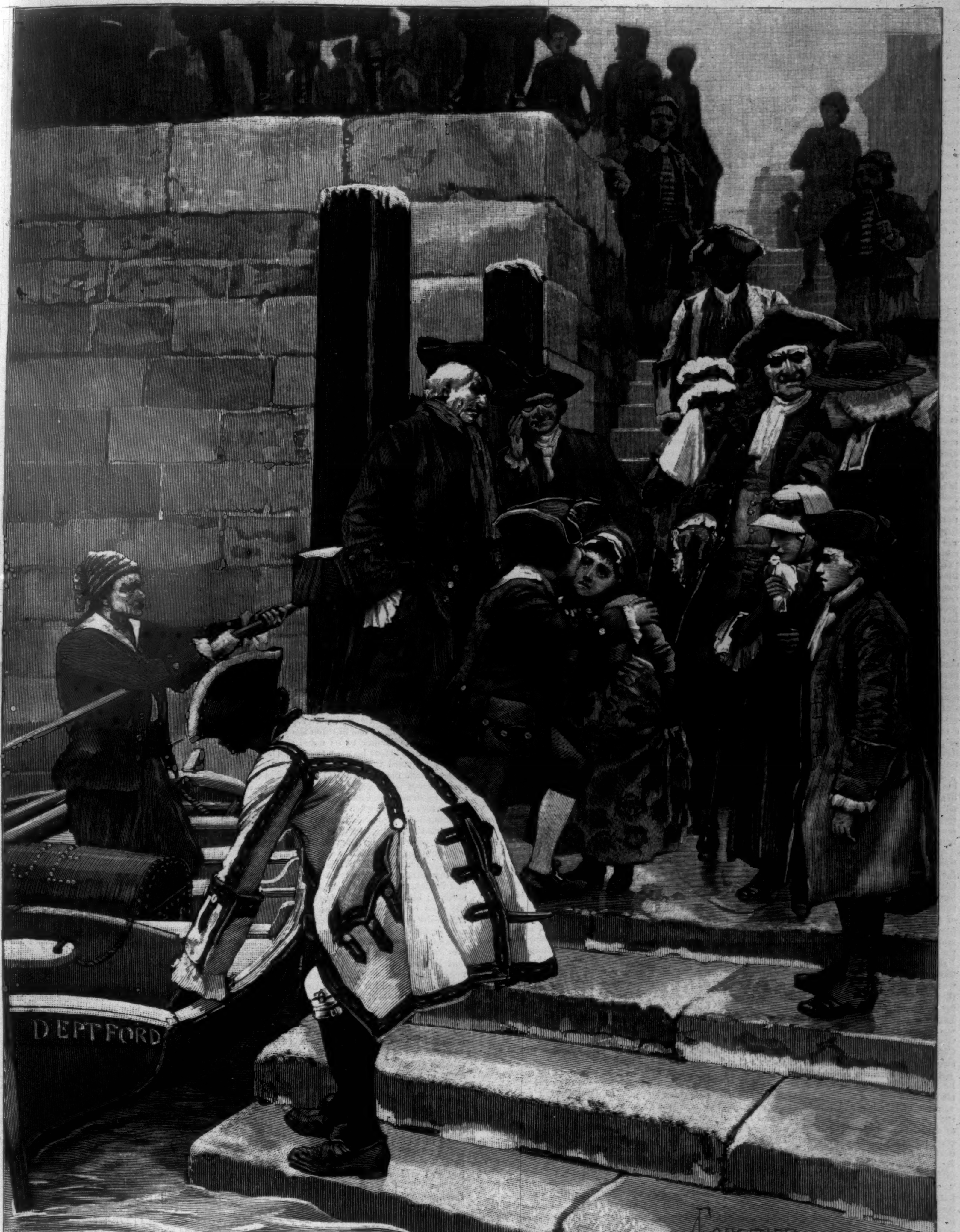
SYLVESTER PENNOYER.

MR. SYLVESTER PENNOYER, who, as the Democratic candidate at the recent State election in Oregon, when the former Republican majority of about two thousand votes was reversed and became a Democratic majority of about two thousand, was elected Governor, is a native of Tompkins County, New York. His father was a farmer, and the son's youth was spent at the country home. After finishing his academic studies he attended the Harvard Law School, where he was graduated in 1854.

He emigrated to Oregon, which was then a Territory, in early life, and he has spent his manhood at Portland. He practised his profession with success for a time, but the commercial opportunities of the Territory offered a quicker road to fortune, and he gave up his profession and undertook commercial and manufacturing enterprises. As a lumber manufacturer and merchant he has made himself one of the successful men of the Northwest.

He is an energetic and public-spirited man, and as impulsive as energetic. During the recent agitation in Oregon about Chinese labor he was a prominent advocate of peaceable exportation and absolute restriction of Chinese immigration.

SIGNALLING THE MAIN COMMAND.—DRAWN BY FREDERIC REMINGTON.—[SEE PAGE 459.]



"'GOOD-BY, BESS.' HE LAID HIS ARM ROUND THE GIRL'S NECK, AND KISSED HER ON BOTH CHEEKS."

THE WORLD WENT VERY WELL THEN.*

By WALTER BESANT.

CHAPTER III.

HOW JACK LEARNED OF THE PENMAN.

Here were materials enough to fire the imagination and awaken the ardor of a boy about to become a sailor. But these were not all. For at home—the Admiral's house having become this orphan's home—there was talk all day long of fighting and foreign seas, and things nautical. Jack's patron or guardian had been engaged in many of the actions fought during the eleven years' war between the years 1702 and 1713. He was on board the *Resolution*, which carried Lord Peterborough when she was intercepted by a French squadron, and was forced to run ashore in order to save her from falling into the hands of the enemy; he was on Sir George Byng's ship, the *Royal Anne*, in Sir Cloudesley Shovel's fleet, when that hero perished off the Scilly Isles; he was a lieutenant on board the *Assurance* in that gallant action with the French Commander Du Guai Trouin, of the *Achille*. In this battle he lost his arm; his leg he lost in the capture of a Moorish corsair during the reduction of Morocco, in the year 1734. After this he retired, receiving the rank of Rear-Admiral, and settled at Deptford, then about forty-two years of age. He presently discovered that it is not good for man to live alone, and therefore took a wife, who in due time bore him a child, Castilla. His daughter, who, if anybody, ought to know, says that her father possessed in an eminent degree, and daily in his lifetime exhibited, most, if not all, of the virtues which should adorn the Christian who is also an officer of high rank in his Majesty's navy. The Christian virtues, it is sure, vary according to a man's station in life. We do not expect certain things from princes which are indispensable to those of lowly and humble lot; from an Admiral of the Fleet we do not look for meekness, patience, humility, or resignation; a choleric disposition is allowed to him; the habit of applying sacred names to things profane is excused in him; and if he who

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1541.

has commanded a man-of-war is not to have his own way in everything, who should? As for obedience to the commandments, it may be shown that the Admiral followed them all. Thus, for honoring his parents, he did more—he was proud of them, because they came of a good stock—and honored himself on their account; he killed nobody save in battle, though he drubbed and belabored his servants every day; he robbed nobody, except in an honorable way—as in taking a prize; he was envious of nothing but the Frenchman's ships; he freely forgave everybody, even those who transgressed his orders on board ship and sinned against his patience, as soon as he had soundly flogged them. To bear malice when a man had paid for his fault with three dozen was not in the Admiral's nature. And that he was of a truly good heart and a benevolent disposition was clearly shown by his treatment of Jack Easterbrook.

There were also many others, formerly of the naval service, who were contented to spend the evening of their days in this town of Deptford, which is not on the sea, yet lives by the sea. Among them was that famous traveller, George Shelvocke the younger, who accompanied his father in the circumnavigation of the globe in the year 1720, and was never tired of relating the perils, sufferings, and adventures of that voyage, and the wonders of the South Seas: an account of the voyage hath been published for the curious. There were also Captain Mayne, who commanded the *Worcester* in Admiral Vernon's expedition; Captain Petherick, Resident Commissioner of the Yard, who had a goodly collection of books of voyages, which he suffered Jack to borrow and to read; Mr. Peter Mostyn, formerly Cocket-writer in his Majesty's Custom-house, and an ingenious, well-informed gentleman; Lieutenant Hepworth, late of General Powlett's Marines; and Mr. Underhill, retired purser of the King's Navy.

To be a purser is to hold a thankless office: it is he who is blamed for every barrel of damaged pork, and for every box of weevily biscuit; he can please none; wherefore it is best for him not to try. As for the pleasures of a purser's life, I know not what they are. He must face the dangers of the deep with the rest; he must endure tempest and shipwreck; cannon-ball and grape-shot spare the purser no more than the first lieutenant, if he be on deck; and when the ship is cast away the purser drowns with the captain. Yet for all these perils he gets neither promotion nor honor. Would any man boast of having been purser, and therefore kept below in the cockpit with the surgeons and the wounded men, during the most gallant action ever fought? Yet there is one consolation for the purser. He can, and does continually, by his accounts, his purchases, his bribes and percentages, suck so much profit out of every voyage that he is presently able to leave the service and purchase a cottage, where, with a patch of garden to cultivate, perhaps a wife and children to cheer him, a few companions, a pipe of tobacco and a glass of punch, he may forget the darkness of the orlop-deck, the stink of his store-rooms, the great tallow candle in the glass lantern, by the light of which he had to keep his accounts and inspect his stores; the rolling of the ship, the thunder of the cannon in a battle, the cries of the wounded, the crash and wreck of the great ship on a rock, or the alarm of fire; yea, and even the daily purgatory caused by the tricks of the midshipmen and the gibes of the gun-room.

These gentlemen met nearly every night at the "Sir John Falstaff," by the Upper Water-Gate, for punch and conversation; they also came often to the Admiral's house, and were, one and all, kind to the lad who was thus brought among them, and freely talked with him; so that, being of an inquiring mind, and thus running about in the dock-yard, and talking with old officers, common sailors, and pensioners, and with the help of the apothecary, who from the first loved the boy, I think there was no part of the world, as there was no action of recent times, with which Jack was not as well acquainted as if he had been there. At the beginning he was placed under my father, who made him begin the study of the Latin language, which he could not stomach, and would never willingly look into any books except those which are concerned with the sea, such as Captain Park's *Defensive Wars by Sea*, a very instructive work; *The Practical Sea-Gunner's Companion*, and even the *Rigging Tables*, over which he would pore contentedly for hours. He was also fond of reading voyages, and especially those volumes of Harris's and Purchas's collections—the first of the former, and the first and fourth of the latter—which are concerned with the South Seas, toward which his imagination was greatly drawn by his conversation with Mr. Brinjes and Mr. Shelvocke. That he was always fighting other boys, especially the rough river-side lads, and was seldom without some external sign of combat, such as a black eye, cut lip, and swollen nose, certainly did not lessen him in his patron's regard, because, when all is told, the most valuable quality in a sailor is the love of fighting.

So strong and courageous was he, so ready to fight, and so uncommonly backward in owning himself beaten, that none of his age and stature dared to contend with him—save at stone-throwing and at a distance—except one, of whom mention is here made; not because a boy's fights are matters of serious history, but because the fighting between these two, thus begun, was continued after both became men, and with consequences most important. This boy was the son of a boat-builder in the town; his name was Aaron Fletcher. In strength, age, and stature, nearly the same as Jack; in bravery and spirit, equal to him. Yet whenever they fought—which was often—Aaron was defeated, because he lacked the dexterity and quickness of eye which beat down mere strength, and render courage useless. Yet Aaron would not own to inferiority; and whenever the boys met, they began to snarl at each other like a pair of terriers, and the first stone was thrown, the first taunt uttered, the first blow delivered, and then at it again, like French and English.

Further, that he neglected his Latin, went to sleep in church, put powder in the negroes' tobacco, tied ropes across the road to throw down belated wayfarers, and played a thousand pranks daily may be admitted. These things only cost him a flogging when he was found out, and endeared him more and more to his guardian.

When Jack was eleven years of age, the Admiral, regardless of my father's protestations of the perils encountered by those who are ignorant of the classics, placed him wholly in the charge of Mr. Westmoreland, who, although only a Penman by trade, had acquired so great a proficiency in arithmetic, the rudiments of navigation, the taking of observations, and the working of logarithms that he had no equal in the town, and was perfectly able to instruct a young gentleman before he went on board. In all these branches the boy showed and displayed an uncommon zeal and quickness. But, I verily believe, if he had thought that the study of Hebrew or Chaldæan would have helped him forward in his profession, he would have entreated my father to teach him.

Mr. Westmoreland, his master, was a mild and gentle creature who loved nothing but the study of mathematics and the art of fine writing, so that though he wrote letters for any who came to him, and copied deeds for the attorney, and wrote out his sermon large and fair for the vicar of St. Paul's, he always turned from these labors with joy to his books and his calculations. He was in appearance short and bent, with rounded shoulders, and with a hump (which made the boys call him "My Lord"). His voice was high and squeaky. He wore round horn spectacles; when these were off, you perceived that his eyes were soft and affectionate. His forehead was high and square, and he wore a plain scratch-wig. He was a patient teacher, and bore an excellent character for uprightness and piety, though he was despised by the rougher sort, because, although he was now no more than forty, or thereabouts, he could not fight, or even defend himself.

He lived next door to the apothecary, in that row of houses on the north side of the Trinity Almshouses where reside the better sort of tradesmen, such as the sexton of St. Nicolas; Mr. Skipworth, the principal barber and wig-maker, who shaved all the gentry in the place, and kept four assistants continually employed in dressing and flouring their wigs for them; the master measurer's assistant and the master shipwright's assistant. But these honest folk did not call Mr. Brinjes their equal. He, for his part, took his pipe nightly at the "Sir John Falstaff" with the gentlemen, while they used the "Plume of Feathers."

Under Mr. Westmoreland's instruction, Jack learned all that the ingenious Penman had to teach him, except his fine handwriting and the beautiful flourishes with which a dexterous pen can adorn a page; and by the time he was twelve years of age he understood the use of the compass, the sextant, the ship's charts, all the various parts of a ship and her rigging, and a great deal of geography and naval history.

As for the parts of a ship, he learned them chiefly in the Yard, where he would wander among the sheds and watch the building of the ships, the repair of those in the dry-dock, and the fitting out of those in the wet-dock, the bending of the great beams by steam, which is made to play upon them until they become soft, the making of rope, the cutting and shaping of pulleys and blocks, the forging of anchors, and every part of the business belonging to the construction of ships. Then, again, he learned the names and purposes of all the ropes, running and standing gear, sails, flags, signals, sailing rules, and rules for action, and his natural curiosity made him inquire into, and acquaint himself with, the way in which everything is made, and may be repaired or replaced. He learned all these things from natural eagerness and interest in everything concerning a ship; but in the end this knowledge stood him in good stead, because there is no detail in the conduct and construction of a ship which ought to be below the notice of the officers, a fact which many commanders forget, leaving the navigation of the ship to the master, her seaworthiness to the carpenter, and the health of the crew to the purser. Surely if, as hath been advanced by some, every boy is born with a clear vocation for some trade or profession, just as Paul, though an apostle, was also a tent-maker, and Luke, at first a physician, and Peter a fisherman (afterward of men), then, most certainly, Jack, by right divine and special calling of Providence, was a sailor.

While he sat every morning at work with his mild instructor, Mr. Westmoreland, there was always present a little girl, three years younger than himself, a child with black hair, rosy cheeks, and big black eyes. When it was winter weather this child sat in a little chair beside the fire; when it was warm and sunny, she sat in the open doorway. She was a grave child, who seldom played with other children; she had no dolls or toys; she took great pleasure in household things, and from a very early age was her father's housekeeper; when she grew older she became his ruler as well, ordering things as seemed to her best. And though her father was so fond of books and learning, this girl would never so much as learn to read. One does not, to be sure, expect girls in her station to acquire the arts of reading and writing, if only because they have no books, and never have occasion to write. These arts would be as useless to them as the knowledge of riding or dancing the minuet. But it was strange that Bess should be so different in disposition as well as in appearance to her father; and stranger still, that so rickety a man should be the father of so strong and stout a girl. As for her mother, no one knew whither she had gone, or what had become of her; it was said by those who remembered her that she was as comely as her daughter, but a termagant and a shrew in temper, who led her mild husband a terrible life, even sometimes taking the broomstick to him, and beating him over the head with it, poor man! or laying about her with the frying-pan, as ungoverned women use toward those husbands who, like Mr. Westmoreland, are afraid, or too weak of arm, to keep them in submission by the same methods. She left her husband (he bore the loss with Christian submission) a year or two after marriage, and was reported to have been afterward seen at Ranelagh among the ladies and gentlemen there, dressed in a hoop, all in silk and satin, patches and paint, and fan in hand, very fine, and carrying a domino, just for all the world as if a Penman's wife could become a gentlewoman.

From the very first a singular friendship existed between Jack and this girl. He brought her apples, comfits, and cakes, which Philadelphy, Castilla's black nurse, made for him; he played with her, and made her laugh; then he teased her, and made her cry; then he coaxed her into good temper again. She was a child who fell into the most violent storms of passion, which none but Jack could subdue; he took a pleasure both in exciting her wrath and appeasing it. On the other hand, he never tried to enrage or to tease Castilla—perhaps because she was possessed of such extraordinary calmness and sweetness that it was impossible to provoke her, and it was waste of time, even for a boy who loves teasing, to practise upon one who regards it not. Bess, for her part, was one of those who would rather be teased into anger than neglected. It was pretty to see how she would sit when he was at his lessons with her father, watching him silently, and how she would follow him, when he suffered her, submissive and obedient; though there was nobody else in the world, not even her father, to whom this wilful girl would submit. There are some men to whom women willingly and joyfully submit themselves, and become their slaves with a kind of pride; but there are others to whom no woman will submit. Of the latter kind was Mr. Westmoreland, Bess's father, who was born to be ruled by his wife. Of the former, Jack was one; when he was only a boy the sailors' wives and daughters in the street would call after him for a pretty lad, and bid him come and be kissed; and when he was a man grown the maids would look at him as he passed along the street, and would follow him with longing eyes. But if a woman becomes the slave of a man, she will have him to be her slave in return; for where there is great love, there is also great jealousy; and also where there is great love, there is also the possibility of great wrath and great revenge—as you will presently discover.

In one word, long before he went on board as a volunteer, young Jack Easterbrook was eager to feel the deck rolling under his feet, and to hear the first shot of his first action; he was also well advanced in all the knowledge of ropes and rigging that the gunner has to teach the youngsters aboard. It is further to be noted that, at this early age, and before he went to sea, the boy had already acquired the settled conviction that all things which the round world contains, and the kindly earth produces, belong especially to the sailor by right divine, and were intended by Providence for his solace when ashore; that to provide for him, and for his comfort, landsmen toil perpetually; that while he is fighting our battles for us, we are gratefully devising, contriving, making, compounding, and inventing all kinds of things for his enjoyment when he comes back to us; such, for instance, as strong wine and old rum, music and fiddles, songs and dances, tobacco and snug taverns; he is to have the best of all; for him the most beautiful women reserve their favors, and desire to win his affections before those of any landsman whatever. Young and old, man, woman, boy, and girl, we all loved the boy. There was not in Deptford or in Greenwich a more gallant lad, one more brave and resolute, nor one more handsome. For all his fortune he had but his resolution and his sword. And he went forth to conquer the world with so brave a heart and a carriage so sprightly that the men laughed only for the pleasure of looking upon him, and the women cried. I am sure that the true soldier of fortune hath always made the women cry.

At the age of eleven, also, the Admiral, by permission of the captain, was enabled to place the name of the boy on the books of the *Lenox* as a volunteer, although he did not send him yet to sea, considerately holding that this age is too tender for the rough usage of boys aboard ship, though many boys are sent away so early. But by entering him on the ship's company he secured that his rating as midshipman should begin at thirteen and his commission as lieutenant be obtained at nineteen. So that, although the boy was still working with Mr. Westmoreland, he was supposed to be cruising with Captain Holmes aboard the *Lenox*.

CHAPTER IV.

HOW JACK FIRST WENT TO SEA.

In the autumn of the year 1747—the last but one of the war then raging—the Admiral judged that the time was now arrived when the boy should join his ship. "For," he said, "the lad is already nearly thirteen, and tall for his age; and he knows more than most youngsters have learned after twelve months at sea. He grows masterful, too, and will be all the better for the rope's-end which the gunner hath in store for him, and for the mast-head, where he will spend many pleasant hours. And as for the captain—Dick Holmes is not one who will skulk, or suffer his crew to skulk. What better can happen for a boy than to sail with a fighting captain?"

"'Tis a brave lad, Admiral," said my father—'twas at the club or nightly assemblage at the "Sir John Falstaff." "By such stuff as this let us pray that England's fleets will always be manned. They have never heard of Selden's *Mare Clausum*, and know not his argument, which is, to my mind, conclusive. Nevertheless, they go forth to support those arguments by a kind of blind instinct, which I take to be in itself a clear proof of his sound reasoning."

"I have never met any Mary Clausum," said the Admiral, "to my knowledge. Polly Collins, there was in my time, at Point—a black-eyed jade. But Jack is, as yet, full young to think of any Polly of them all."

"Nay, 'tis the title of a learned work. I meant only that if England is to be Queen of the Seas, which France and Spain still dispute with us, and are likely to dispute for a long while, it is well that we have such boys, and plenty of them. There can never be too many Britons born in the world."

"True, doctor; especially if we go on expending them in this fashion."

"We send forth this tender child, sir," continued the Vicar of St. Paul's, "to a hard and rough life. He may be wrecked; he may be killed in action; he may lose his limbs; there are a thousand perils in his way. Yet we do not pity him, because, if his life must needs be short, it will be honorable. And he is in the hands of Providence."

"That is true, doctor. Though as to danger, hang me if I think he is worse off aboard ship than he would be ashore, what with sharks and lawyers, rogues and murderers, robbers and cheats, to say nothing of the women. And on board ship they cannot get at a man. And as for hardships—why, every youngster looks forward to being an Admiral at least, and to lead his squadron into a victorious engagement—and sometimes he does it, too."

"As for me, Admiral," said Mr. Brinjes, "I shall bid good-by to the lad with a vast deal of pleasure. He will go never a day too soon. Keep a lad too long and he gets stale. As for dangers, I think you are right. But there are dangers afloat which the landsman does not know, and more dangers than the enemy's shot or a gale of wind. A boy may have a bully for first lieutenant, or a tyrant for captain." Here his only eye flashed fire, from which one may conjecture that he had himself experienced this accident, and still cherished the memory; "or a skinflint and a cheese-scraper for a purser—"

"Nay, nay," said Mr. Underhill, "the purser is forever in fault."

"Or a lickspittle for a master; there are rogues and scoundrels afloat as well as ashore. Mark you, if it is bad for the midshipmen, 'tis worse for the crew; in such ships are floggings daily, and mutinous words whispered 'tween-deck, with rope's-ending and continual flogging, no matter how smart a man may be; and yet they wonder why men rise sometimes and murder their officers and carry off the ship under the black flag. Pirates?—why, even if they knew that the gibbet was already built whereon they were to hang in chains till they dropped to pieces, do you think they would not have their revenge, and then a free and a merry life, if only for a short year or two before they die?" and with that Mr. Brinjes looked about him so fiercely that for a while no one spoke.

"These words are better said ashore than afloat," said the Admiral, presently. "I've tied up a man and given him six dozen—ay, or hanged him for mutiny—for less than that, Mr. Brinjes."

"Very like, very like," returned Mr. Brinjes, recovering his good temper. "I will remember it, Admiral, if ever I ship with you. As for the boy, now—this boy of ours—he will do well, and will turn out a credit to us all, Admiral. I have never known a more resolute lad, or one better fitted for the work before him. I have taught him, for my own part, how the land lays as regards the wickedness of men, both ashore and afloat. He is prepared for a good deal; and so far, I think, never was a lad sent abroad better prepared. He knows as much, doctor, not to speak boastfully, as a Roman Catholic confessor. Now when a boy is fully acquainted with devilry, he need fear no devils, male or female."

The ship on whose books he was borne—namely, the *Lenox*, Captain Richard Holmes—was now refitting at Sheerness, being under orders to join the West Indian squadron of seven ships under Rear-Admiral Knowles, at Port Royal, Jamaica. A beautiful ship she was, nearly new, a third-rate, of seventy guns, though at this time she carried no more than fifty-six, and a complement of six hundred men. You shall hear presently with what singular good fortune the boy began his course. This good fortune continued with him unbroken until the event which I have to relate, so that, in thinking of Jack, I am reminded of that Lydian King who was told by the philosopher to count no man happy until the end. Always, in every ship, he gained the good opinion of the superior officers; always the actions in which he fought were victorious; promotion and distinction, prize-money, and escape from shot and cutlass wound—what more could a sailor desire? To be sure, there was one voyage which proved disastrous. Even here he escaped drowning when so many perished. Besides, this was in time of peace.

It is generally believed that boys are shipped off to sea because they are too loutish and stupid for the arts by which landsmen rise. But we do not hear that such lads rise to distinction by reason of loutishness. This is not the way with those who live in a dock-yard town. There the flower of the youth flock to the service, and there is no lack of volunteers, even for ordinary seamen, in time of war. There are skulkers, it is true, but they are more common at Wapping than at Deptford. As for officers, happy that boy who wears the king's uniform; envied is he among

his companions. "You may judge he wants but little admonition to encourage him in zeal.

"Boy," said the Admiral, catechising the lad before he joined his ship, "what is thy first duty?"

"Respect for superiors, sir," said Jack.

"Right; and the next? No argument on board. And when fighting begins, don't gape about the ship to duck for any cannon-shot that flies overhead, but stand steady at quarters, eyes open, and hands ready. What? Many a chance comes of showing your mettle when least expected, as when a boarding attack is repelled, or the word is given to leap on board and at 'em. Be ever ready, yet not too forward, lest it seem a reflection upon thy betters. Wait till thy time comes. When it does come—but, by the Lord, Jack, I have no fear of thee!"

Other directions the Admiral gave the boy, which may be here omitted, the more particularly as they referred to the conduct which a boy should observe in port and on shore; and the Admiral's warnings were plain and clear, and such as may be read in the Book of Proverbs. My father also admonished the boy, particularly on the wickedness of profane swearing. Of this he was likely to hear only too much, and, indeed, his captain was reported to be one who enforced his orders with a great deal of hard swearing. My father also addressed a few words to this young sailor on the evils of immoderate drinking, too common on land, though restricted by wholesome discipline at sea. And he instructed the boy how he should govern himself, keep his temper in control, guard his tongue, fight his shipmates no more than was necessary for self-respect and honor; and how, when the time should come when he himself was to be put in authority, he should be merciful in punishment, and err on the side of leniency, remembering that though a man's back must suffer for his sins, he should not be torn to pieces and cruelly lacerated—as is the practice on board some ships—save for the most heinous offences against order, morality, and discipline. "The ancient Romans," added my father, "could, if they chose, flog a slave to death. Yet it was counted infamous to use this power. The captain of a King's ship has this power also, seeing that he may, if he so please, order a man as many as five hundred lashes—a truly dreadful punishment, under which the strongest man may succumb. Reserve this power when thou hast it, Jack. Three dozen, or even one, in the case of young sailors, may be as efficacious as six dozen; a wholesome discipline is better served by moderation than by cruelty."

I know not how far my father's admonitions produced good fruit. In after-time, Jack was ready enough to rap out a profane word. On the other hand, he was beloved by the men on account of his punishments, which were as certain after offences as the stroke of the ship's bell, but never cruel. It were to be wished some captains on land as well as at sea would remember that three dozen may be sometimes as good as six dozen. It was but yesterday that a poor fellow, a grenadier, under sentence to be shot for desertion, had his punishment commuted, as they called it, to five hundred lashes. He appealed, and the previous sentence was confirmed; therefore he went boldly to his death, thinking it better to be hanged than to be tortured by the lash until he died.

Then we all engaged upon Jack's sea-chest; and I suppose no bride ever contemplated her new furniture and house linen with more pride and satisfaction than Jack bestowed upon his chest. It was strong and stoutly made, with a till and two trays. It contained his uniform coat, his watch coat, a glazed hat for night watch in bad weather, two hats each with a gold loop and a cockade, his stockings, shirts (they were of the finest kind, fit for a young gentleman, with lace ruffles), his boots, handkerchiefs, crimson sash, and his hanger. Besides these things there were his log-books, ruled and prepared for him by Mr. Westmoreland; pens cut for him by the same hand; a quadrant, with a day and a night glass; the *Elements of Navigation*, the *Sailor's Vade-Mecum*, the *Sea-Gunner's Companion*, and a book on the *Method of Computing Observations*, so that he was amply provided with his favorite reading. To these were added, by my father, a copy of the Holy Bible, with the Book of Common Prayer. These things, with a pocket compass and a tin pannikin or two, a book of songs, and a few other trifles, made up Jack's outfit.

When all was ready and the time of departure was come, the Admiral put into his hand a purse full of guineas, and told him that until such time as he should be rated midshipman, an allowance of thirty guineas a year should be given to him. This is a liberal addition to a boy's pay, and I doubt whether any other youngster on board the *Lenox* possessed so splendid an addition to his two pounds a month.

On the morning of his departure our young hero appeared dressed for the first time in his blue uniform coat, with the gold loop in his hat, and his hanger at his side, trying to look as if he had worn it for years, and was unconcerned about his personal appearance. He was going down to Sheerness in a tilt-boat, accompanied by two of the Admiral's negroes, to get his sea-chest aboard, and provided with a letter for the captain. We all went down to the Stairs with him—the Admiral, my father, Castilla, and myself, with Philadelphy. We found, also waiting on the Stairs, Mr. Westmoreland and Bess, Mr. Brinjes, and the boy Aaron Fletcher.

"Farewell, Master Jack," said Mr. Westmoreland, in his cracked and squeaky voice—"farewell; I shall never have so good a pupil again. Forget not the rules for the right placing of the decimal point, and do not neglect practice in the Tables of Logarithms."

"Good-by," said Jack, shaking his hand. "I will remember. Good-by, Bess." He laid his arm round the girl's neck—she was now ten years of age, and as tall as Castilla, though a year younger—and kissed her on both cheeks. "Good-by, my girl—give me another." He kissed her again. Bess said nothing; but the tears rolled down her cheeks, and her father drew her away to make room for his betters.

Then Jack saw Aaron, and he laughed aloud.

"Ho! ho! Aaron Fletcher. There isn't time for a fight this morning, Aaron," he said; "give us your hand."

Aaron took the proffered hand, but doubtfully.

"I thought I'd come to see thee start, Master Jack," he said; "and I wanted to say—"

"Well?" asked Jack, for the lad hesitated.

"To say when you come back—if it's next year or next ten years—I'll fight you again, for all your gold loop."

"So you shall, Aaron—so you shall," said Jack, with another laugh. "That's a bargain."

And so, with a kiss to Castilla, and a shake of the hand to me, and after receiving the blessing of the Admiral, who needed not to spoil its solemnity by a profane oath, he leaped into the boat, took the strings, and ordered the men to give way. But he looked back once, and waved his hand, crying out, "Good-by, Bess." So his last thought was of the Penman's girl.

"When he comes home, Aaron," said Bess, wiping away her tears, "Jack shall beat you into a jelly."

"I'll break every bone in his body for him," said Aaron. "Oh, I wish he would come back to-morrow! And you may be there to see, if you like."

"I shall tell him the first thing when he comes back. What? You dare ask him to fight? You? I wonder, for my part, that a midshipman should dirty his fist upon your face."

The Admiral looked after the receding boat, his red face full of affection and emotion. Beside him stood my father in wig and cassock, as becomes a Doctor of Divinity. Mr. Brinjes, in his brown morning coat and scratch-wig, looked a strange companion to them. But the watermen on the Stairs stood aside even more respectfully for him than for the Admiral. He might, indeed, knock them over the head with his gold-headed stick, but he could not, like Mr. Brinjes, scatter rheumatic pains and toothache among them.

And here a singular thing happened. There is no man more free from superstitious terrors, I think, than myself. Yet I cannot but remember that while Castilla cried, and I myself should have liked nothing better than to cry, but for the unmanliness of the thing, the old witch-woman—she was nothing less—this Mandingo prophetess, whose powers were as real as those believed to belong to Mr. Brinjes—began to shiver and to shake, and her teeth to chatter. To be sure, it was a morning in December, but mild for the time of year, and the sun shining. No doubt some cold breath struck her face, and made her shiver. But to Philadelphy everything unexpected was full of prophetic warning, could she read it aright.

"What does it mean?" she murmured. "What in the world can it mean? I dun know what this shiver means. Mas'r Jack come home again, I think, and play mischief with some of us. There's trouble sure for somebody—trouble and crying. Dun you be afraid, Miss Castil; ole Philadelphy know plenty words to keep off the Devil."

She meant that she had plenty of incantations or charms by which to avert and ward off evil. I am sure there was never a witch-woman or Obeah man on the African coast or in Jamaica had more spells and secrets of magic and unholy craft than this old negress.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WHEELMEN IN NEW YORK.

There are said to be three thousand riders of bicycles and tricycles in the city of New York, but the number of those who exercise their graceful steel steeds with anything like regularity is very much less. The restrictions which are put about this health-giving form of recreation here in New York are probably not known or appreciated by the non-riding public. They are necessary restrictions, to be sure, and there is no complaints against them on the part of the wheelmen, but they strike the average citizen as peculiar. For example, by an ordinance of the Park Commissioners the West Drive of Central Park, extending from Fifty-ninth to One-hundred-and-tenth Street, is free to riders between the hours of twelve o'clock (midnight) and 9 A.M., and between those hours only. This privilege was not, as might be inferred, accorded by the Commissioners in a spirit of gentle irony. It was granted in all seriousness, and joyously accepted by the riders, and silvery, noiseless apparitions may be seen moving like frightened ghosts along the leafy drive in the small hours of any pleasant July night. Were you to capture any one of those flying apparitions, you would find that the midnight rider wears upon his breast a numbered silver badge ornamented with Mercury's wings, and containing the initials "D. P. P."—Department of Public Parks. This badge is a credential of the wearer's proficiency and ability to manage his mount without danger to other travellers, and without the badge the drive in the Park is closed against him. Of course all riding of bicycles and tricycles could not be confined to the above-mentioned unearthly hours, and so it has been decreed by the Park Commissioners that properly accredited wheelmen may use the Riverside Drive and that portion of the West Drive lying between Fifty-ninth and Seventy-second Street at all hours, but only by a strict observance of the following rules: "Riders must keep to the extreme right of the roadway;" "Bicyclers must not ride more than two abreast; tricyclers, single file;" "No coasting, racing, or speeding will be allowed;" "Whistles or bells, if used at all, must be used in moderation, and lighted lamps must be carried after sunset."

Riverside Drive is the favorite course of the wheelmen, and the picture which will be found on another page of this issue, though apparently idealistic, finds its original on any pleasant moonlight night. So extensive has night riding of bicycles and tricycles become that an establishment near the Park which is engaged in the business of renting and storing machines is kept open continuously throughout the twenty-four hours. A most interesting establishment this is, by-the-way. A hundred or more bicycles of all sizes stand in little iron frames along each side of the stable, if stable it may be called, like horses in their stalls, and in the centre of the big room are tricycles of all shapes and features. This is a boarding as well as a livery stable for bicycles, and, being near the entrance to the Park, is extensively patronized, and happily solves the problem of where and how to keep a bicycle during the period of disuse. The bicycle rider who enters the stable equipped for his afternoon or evening ride approaches his steed as it stands in its iron stall, pats it affectionately upon its rubber neck, smooths its shapely hind-quarter with a caressing hand, and then, an attendant having led it out, mounts the metal beast, and is off and away as swiftly as though his legs bestrode the best of horseflesh. The most approved form of tricycle now in use on the road is the tandem variety. The lady sits in front of and slightly below her male escort, upon whom devolves the guidance of the machine. It is a tricycle in fact, because, although it has four wheels, the forward wheel touches the ground only when some obstacle is met with in its path. Like the bicycle, the tricycle cannot be managed by inexperienced riders, and is more full of danger than is generally suspected.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

If any boy hereabouts were to attach to the string of his kite a flat-iron, or a kitten, or any other object which he deemed suitable, with the idea that it would serve to keep the kite just in proper balance, and that the kite would soar up and away indefinitely, it is probable that he would be disappointed. Still it is reported that a Virginian who recently undertook to fly a kite nine feet high and six feet wide was carried perpendicularly out of sight and horizontally a distance of seventy miles, the journey enduring seven hours, and leading him across seven rivers and two ranges of the Alleghany Mountains. The Virginian weighed 140 pounds, which was just the weight necessary to keep the kite steady. At the end of the seven hours it occurred to the Virginian, who was tired, that if he climbed up the cord which served for the string of the kite, the equilibrium would be destroyed, and the kite would cease from its career. He climbed accordingly, and the kite took to "bowing," and gracefully and gradually descended to the earth at a point where the Virginian was hospitably received and entertained.

A recent riot in Pesth, in which the students of the university participated, is described in the cable despatch as "very serious," but the facts that the despatch reports hardly bear out the description. The mob surrounded General Janszky's house, crying, "Down with Janszky!" broke a number of windows with brickbats, and, as a climax, went to destroy the Hentzi monument. "They found it, however," says the despatch, "well guarded by police, and after casting rotten eggs at it, they went to the cemetery and tore to pieces the garlands on the officers' graves." Such a riot has curious and disagreeable features, but it is not what would ordinarily be described as serious.

It looks as though the Spanish government wished to put our navy in the position of being able to go only half as fast as their navy. They have contracted for two torpedo-boats capable of running twenty-five miles an hour. We take pride, nevertheless, in noting the fact that our navy is still powerful to enforce a measure of respect from foreign peoples. The London *Saturday Review* says of our centre-board yachts that they are "mere racing machines." It would never venture to make a remark of the sort of our navy.

More than a thousand persons in Madrid became possessed with the idea that the world would come to an end on June 15, and assembled upon the heights of Vistelles in anticipation of the catastrophe. Some remarkable signs were observed in the sky, but the world endured through the day, whereupon it was announced that the end would occur on June 24. That day also passed without the tremendous incident, and nobody in Madrid now pretends to know when it will come to pass. In this city also a prophet was recently brought to naught. He said that New-Yorkers would close their windows and feel the need of light fires on the Fourth of July. Of New-Yorkers who may have spent the Fourth in Kamtchatka his forecast was likely true, but New-Yorkers hereabouts were all but parboiled on that fiery day.

The entire cost of educating a child in the Board Schools of England is about twenty-three dollars. Complaint is made of a certain set of Harvard students because the average daily expenditure of each of them is something like twice this sum. Not a single pupil in the English Board Schools either owns a dog-cart or has his bric-à-brac insured for twelve thousand dollars.

One is often called upon to wonder at the trifling injury inflicted by what are described as "showers" or "hail-storms" of bullets in the West and South. A recent report from St. Louis says that 249 pistol balls were vainly fired into a Texas steer that was running loose in that city, and that it was only upon the firing of the 250th shot that the animal succumbed.

A convention of Vienna hatters have applied the names of eminent musicians to the four styles of hats which are to prevail in that capital the coming fall. The president of the Hatters' Club explained to a reporter that while true artists were "above parties," the general run of people who wore hats were not, and that therefore the fall hats were not named after statesmen. The coming Vienna hats will be lower and more rounded than hats of the present, and will have narrow bands.

If a tornado happens to snap off a peach-tree in which you have taken great interest, and which promised to blossom in due time, you will be pleased and astonished, on throwing the fallen part upon the fire with which you are "boiling the soap kettle," to behold, as the shattered trunk gradually becomes warmed up, the buds swell and the broken tree presently bursts into full and particularly beautiful bloom. An Illinois paper says that this was precisely what happened to a broken peach-tree in that State, and it thinks that the same result could be effected with all trees blown down by tornadoes in case they should be treated in the same way.

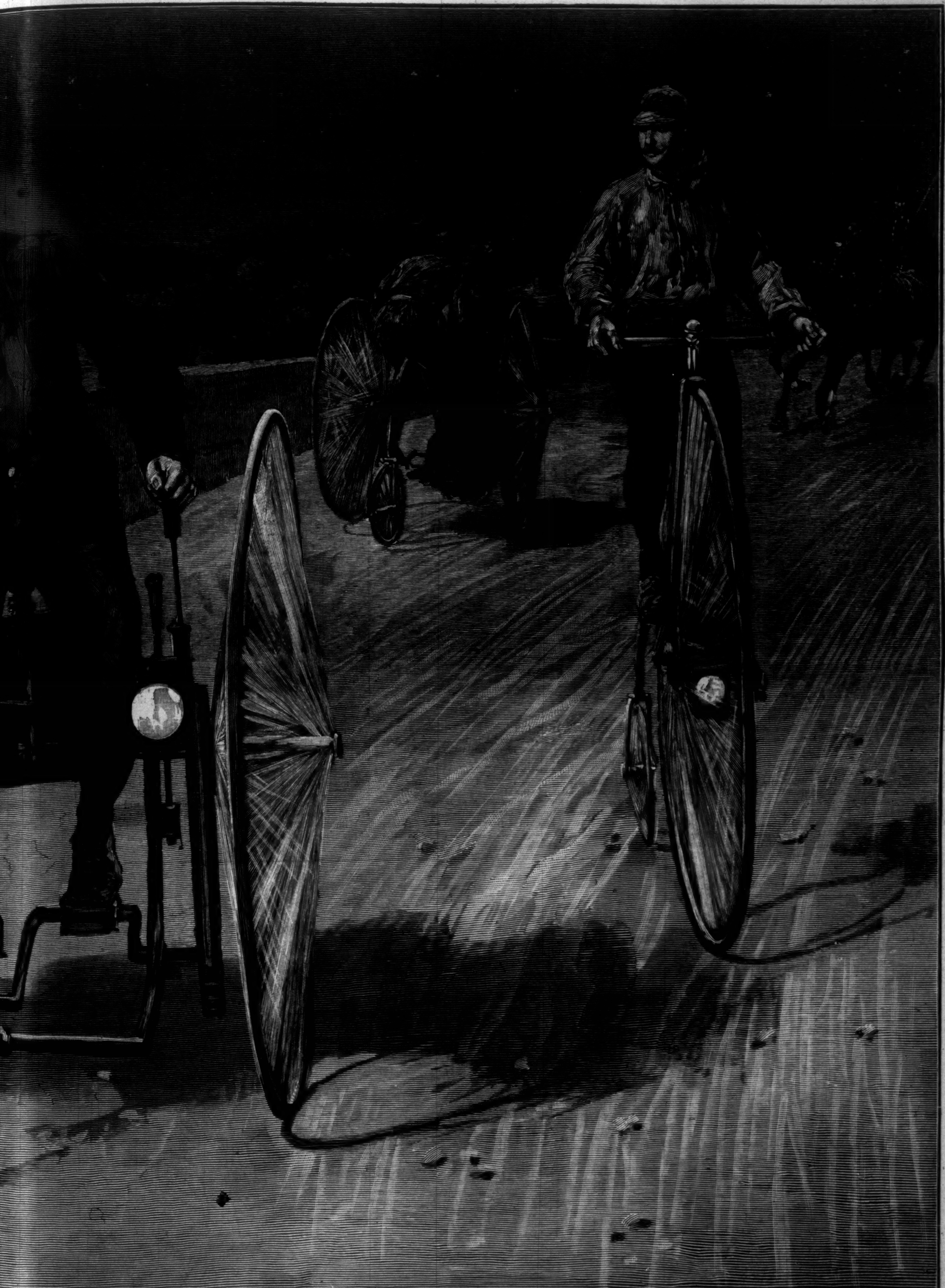
A Massachusetts farmer cured his horse of balkiness by simply tying him to a tree whenever the badness came on, covering him with a blanket, and leaving him. On the first occasion the horse stood through the afternoon and all night. In the morning he seemed lonely and hungry, uttered a neigh of relief as the farmer appeared, and readily drew two loads of wood as a preliminary to the enjoyment of breakfast. Once he balked after that, but yielded as the farmer was going away. Balky horses in this city may be tied to the telegraph poles. There will be plenty of time to subdue their obstinacy before the wires are put underground.

The value of a Yankee breeding is occasionally demonstrated. If Policeman Donohue of this city had been reared in New England, the hot doughnuts which he ate early one morning recently would have yielded him only enjoyment, and he would not have presented himself in great agony at the station-house and sent out a call for an ambulance, under the impression that he was going to die.

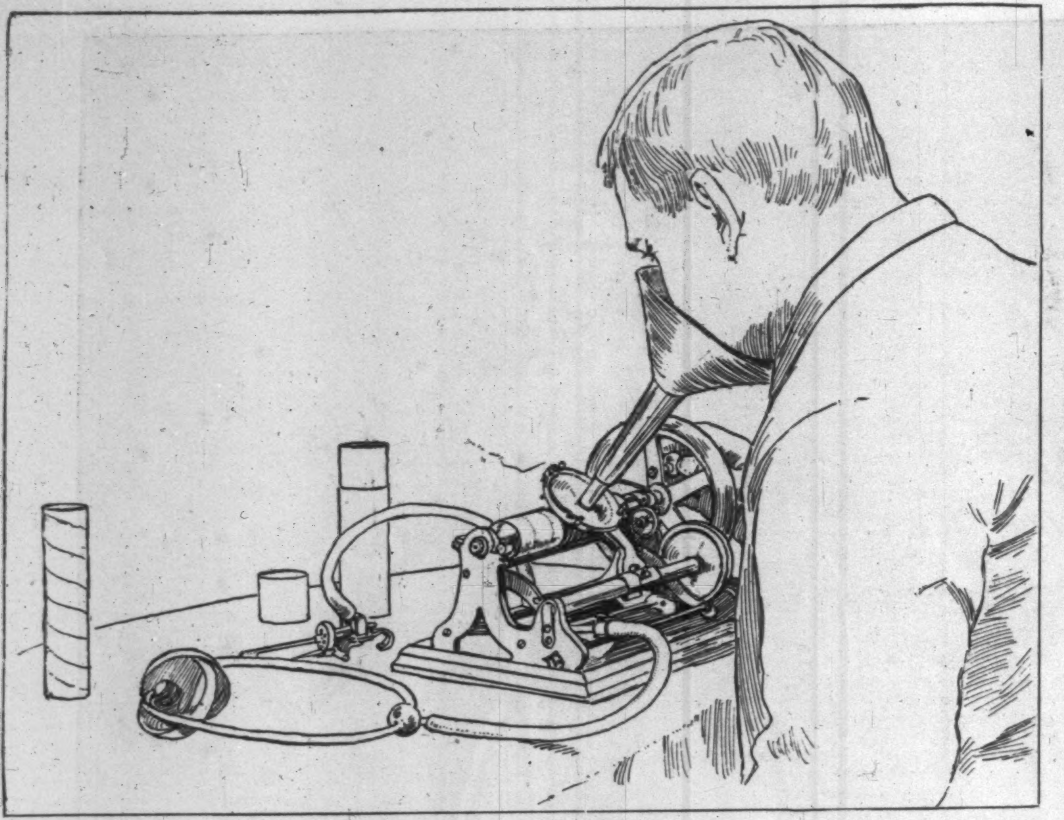
Statistics lately published in a Berlin newspaper show that there is some unpleasantly close packing of human beings in the German capital. There are 40,000 houses in Berlin, of which only a small number are inhabited by one or two families; 2500 houses contain from sixteen to twenty lodgings each, 20,000 from twenty to thirty each, and 10,000 over thirty lodgings each. Of these lodgings 75,000 are composed each of one room only, and contain 270,000 persons, or an average of nearly four persons in a room; 75,000 lodgings of two rooms each are occupied by 360,000 persons, and 30,000 lodgings of three rooms each contain 140,000. The worst of the houses are five and six stories high, and are so crowded together that light and fresh air can get to them only in moderate quantities.

THE JAR THAT DREADS TO BE OPENED.
IT MUST BE IN A STATE OF FERMENT.

WHEELING ON RIVERSIDE DRIVE.—Drawn



AWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP.—[SEE PAGE 455.]



TALKING INTO THE GRAPHOPHONE.

THE GRAPHOPHONE.

One of the most brilliant conceptions of Mr. Thomas A. Edison was that a record could be made of sounds, from which the sounds could be reproduced. After considerable experiment, Mr. Edison invented the instrument known the world over as the Phonograph. This little machine consists of a cylinder about three inches in diameter, covered with a shallow spiral groove, upon which is placed tin-foil. The cylinder is so arranged that it will travel horizontally back or forth by means of a screw, and is operated by a crank. The sounds are communicated to the tin-foil by a steel point attached to a diaphragm that is agitated by the sounds coming through a tube, to which is attached a mouth-piece. The concussion of the sound waves striking upon the diaphragm forces the metal point forward, which is already in contact with the tin-foil, and makes indentations as the cylinder revolves with the movement of the crank.

In order to reproduce the sounds the diaphragm is replaced to its point of starting, and the steel point goes over the record, following the path of the indentations made on the tin-foil upon the rotation of the cylinder. The point agitates the diaphragm, which in turn agitates the air in the tube, and the repetition of the sound is thereby produced.

Several hundred of the machines above described were put upon the market, and quite a number were sold, but the Phonograph failed to make a success, for the reason that the machine was not only a clumsy piece of mechanism, frequently getting out of adjustment, but more especially because of the fact that the surface upon which the record was made was pliable, and likely to be obliterated by a mere accidental pressure upon it.

Believing in the possibility of making a successful machine to record and reproduce sounds, Professor Alexander Graham Bell, Dr. Chichester A. Bell, and Mr. Sumner Tainter associated themselves together, under the name of the Volta Laboratory Association, and established a laboratory in the city of Washington, one of the principal objects of which was to experiment upon methods of recording and reproducing sound. After several years of experiment, the inventors of the Graphophone now desire that the writer shall introduce to the world the results they have obtained.

The word "Graphophone" is a simple transposition of the word "Phonograph," and is intended to convey the same meaning.

Mr. Sumner Tainter soon saw that tin-foil presented a surface unfit for the purpose it was called upon to fulfil, because of its pliability and destructibility. Many and elaborate experiments were made to discover a substance upon which a perfect and durable sound record could be made. Mr. Tainter conceived the idea of using a surface upon which the sound record could be cut, instead of indenting a soft and pliable surface as is done in the Edison machine. It was finally decided upon to use a paper surface coated with a preparation composed of wax and paraffine.

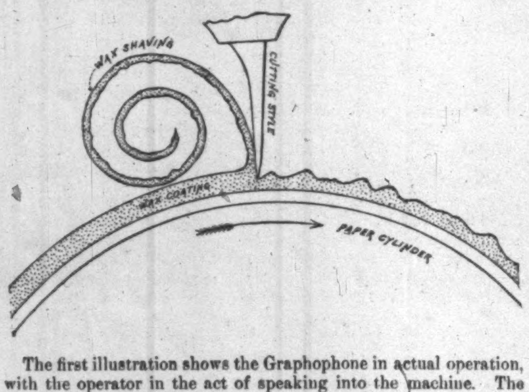
The Graphophone is made in two forms, one to make the records upon a cylindrical surface, the other upon a disk or flat surface, the same principles, however, governing each machine. The machines are provided with two diaphragms, one used in making the record, and the other in reproducing the sound. The cylindrical machine stands about five or six inches high by eight wide, and weighs about ten pounds. There is no skill required in the manipulation of the machine, the rotation of the cylinder being accomplished by a crank or automatic motion. Mr. Tainter has exhibited a great amount of ingenuity and skill in devising the various parts of the machine, and suiting them to the purposes for which they were designed. The instrument is a marvel of perfection in accuracy of the movements of all its parts.

Upon a diaphragm three inches in diameter a steel point is attached, which cuts a minute hair line in the surface of the waxed cylinder upon the agitation of the diaphragm by a sound. The indentation is so slight as to be scarcely perceptible, and yet these records can be gone over time and again, and are just as perfect after a hundred repetitions as they were at first.

The diagram gives an idea of the way the steel point cuts into the surface of the wax, and also portrays an actual sound wave. This figure is magnified three times, and there are one hundred and forty lines to the inch upon the cylinder.

Upon a cylinder six inches in length by an inch and a quarter in diameter one is enabled to record at least five minutes' conversation. The cylinder-holder is constructed with a ball joint at one end, and can be easily tipped so as to allow the hollow cylinder to be rapidly slipped on or off.

The disk machine possibly has some advantages over the cylindrical machine because of the fact that the record is made upon a flat surface, and appears in the form of a spiral line. For the purpose of copying records, and possibly for preservation, the flat surface is probably superior, but as each machine has advantages peculiar to itself, it is a difficult matter to judge which will prove the superior for all purposes.



The first illustration shows the Graphophone in actual operation, with the operator in the act of speaking into the machine. The second shows listeners with the ear-pieces on in the act of listening to the reproduction. If the listener does not care to use ear-pieces, or should there be four or five who wish to hear the reproduction, a trumpet attachment is placed upon the machine, which throws the sound out into the air.

Either of these machines is in a condition *at the present time* to do the amanuensis work usually done by stenographers. For instance, any one may sit before the Graphophone and in ordinary tones speak his daily correspondence into the machine. His letters can then be written by a copyist, who can write from the dictation of the machine.

By a neat mechanical contrivance the operator is enabled to take as many words at a time as he can conveniently remember, and should he forget any part of the sentence, by a slight pressure of the finger on a rod running along the base of the machine the reproducer will repeat the sentence.

Should a correspondent also have a Graphophone, the writer of the letter could in a few moments dictate what would make a lengthy epistle, enclose it in a box about the size of the apothecary's "pill box," place a stamp thereon, and transmit through the mails. The correspondent can in turn place the cylinder received upon his Graphophone, and listen to the letter of his friend with his voice preserved, thereby avoiding the vexation and loss of time consequent upon an encounter with bad chirography.

One of the most novel and interesting features of this machine is its ability to record the sounds of a number of voices speaking at the same time; this is done on one instrument, by one diaphragm, one metallic point, and upon a single line. How it is done finds an explanation in the fact that the different tones of the voices vibrate with unlike speed and force, and thus make different impressions upon the diaphragm, and move the metallic point in a different way, so as to make a record of the various sounds. The diaphragm of this machine, like the drum of the ear, can receive and record distinctly the various sounds of a quartette of singers.

The Graphophone is now prepared to represent all moods: it will tell you a funny story, and laugh with you in natural tones; it will repeat a tragedy that is blood-curdling in its nature; it will tell you a love story with all the ardor of a wooer; it will sing you an Irish song, or whistle a selection from the *Mikado*.

It is expected soon to be able to correctly reproduce the songs of great singers, and the recitations, dialogues, etc., of distinguished actors, and by a process already successful to copy the records of the songs or recitations and dispose of them at a trifle, thus enabling a person to enjoy at home such delightful singing as Patti would render, or such elocution as we would listen to from Edwin Booth.

A VOICE IN WATER.

A discovery of vast importance in relation to the recording and reproduction of sounds has been made by Dr. Chichester A. Bell, one of the members of the Laboratory Association. He has discovered that a jet of water mimics and perfectly reproduces every word or sound uttered. It has been known for some time past that jets of water are sensitive to sound, but not that they were sufficiently sensitive to reproduce sounds.

A jet of water is made to fall from a small reservoir, and upon reaching an obstructing surface, if it is of a vibratory nature, will cause the surface to take up vibrations similar to those received by the diaphragm of a telephone upon being agitated by a sound. The vibration of the water begins at the orifice, travels down the jet, and is plainly visible to the naked eye at the lower end of the jet.

The recording of sounds by the water jet is accomplished in the following manner: a jet about one-tenth of an inch in diameter is allowed to fall directly upon the back of the cutting style; any sound made within a certain distance will cause sympathetic vibrations on the part of the water, and force the style into the wax surface and thus make a record.

The writer has listened to intelligible reproductions of songs, etc., made three feet away from the jet, and the inventors anticipate being able to make an apparatus (utilizing the principle above mentioned) which will record what the speaker may say from twenty to thirty feet away, and even greater distances.

The jet is sensitive to all sounds, consequently the Graphophone of the future will not only give a *verbatim* record of the proceedings of any kind, but will accompany it with all the noises and unimportant sounds which may have occurred during the time the record was taken.

It is believed by the inventors that they will be able to make an instrument which can be placed upon a table, and a party of ten or a dozen may sit around discussing whatever they desire, the Graphophone with the jet attachment to run noiselessly by automatic motion and record all that is said, also the noises of shutting doors and scraping of feet upon the floor, etc. Aside remarks not intended to be heard by everybody will be caught by the Graphophone, to the discomfiture of the person making them. All details will be given in the reproduction, and there will be no possibility of changing or doubting the correctness of the record.

With this short and perhaps inadequate description the results of several years of diligent study and experiment upon the subject

LISTENING TO THE REPRODUCTION.

of the recording and reproduction of sounds are given to the world.

There can be no doubt of the far-reaching usefulness and practical value of these inventions and discoveries, and to Mr. TAINTER, Dr. BELL, and Professor BELL the honor is due of having successfully solved a problem that will save the world's time, enhance its joys, and facilitate its business.

FRANCK Z. MAGUIRE.

WASHINGTON, D. C., *June* 23, 1886.

THE INDIAN MATCH-MAKER.

IT is well known that amongst the Hindoos the feelings of the young man or the young girl are seldom consulted in matrimonial matters. The usual course is for the parents, when they judge that their son or daughter has arrived at a marriageable age, to engage the services of a professional match-maker.

The Ghatuck, or match-maker, is generally a Brahmin of high order—a man of apparent learning, compliant manners, and invariably of great persuasive powers. His disposition is as amiable as his occupation is pleasant. His strength lies in the use of the particular kind of tact and skill necessary for all intermediaries, and he is not much affected by scruples of conscience. Genealogy and pedigree are his specialty. He can repeat everybody's father's, grandfather's, great-grandfather's names, and so on to the thirteenth generation; and he has at his fingers' ends all about their caste, *gotra*, or tribe, their family and position, and the hundred other details about which the Hindoos are very particular.

There comes of a morning our Brahmin Ghatuck to the house of his patron, whose son's marriage he is negotiating. He has a tall, thin face, with the *tilac*, or caste-mark, on his high forehead, large round eyes of a calm, meditative cast, though betraying in their corners an unusually sly expression, finely turned eyebrows, an aquiline nose, and a beardless chin. His look inspires respect for his talents and confidence in his abilities. After the usual exchange of salutations, the master of the house asks the Ghatuck whether everything is all right, and how he finds the girl, upon which the latter answers in this style: "Yes, sir, everything is all right. The girl is beautiful as the full moon; even the moon has spots, but she is spotless and peerless. Her teeth are sparkling like the seeds of a pomegranate; her arched, bright black eyes beat those of Káme [Hindoo Cupid]; her voice is sweet like that of the cuckoo; her gait is dignified and graceful like that of an elephant; and as to her figure, I know of nothing to compare it with. She is intelligent like the goddess Saraswati [Hindoo Minerva], and talks like Lakshmi [the goddess of fortune], and will certainly bring fortune to any family."

The conversation goes on in this style until the hesitations of the parent are overcome. The match-maker, well satisfied with his performance, departs for the house of the lady. There he represents the young man to be beautiful like Kartic [the god of beauty]; his manners are those of a nobleman; he is free from all vices; he studies day and night. In short, he is a precious gem—an ornament of his country. To the questions, whether the young man has passed any university examination, whether he holds any scholarship, and what degree he has taken, the Ghatuck replies: "He has not passed any examination yet; but what does that matter? Bless his dear soul, he will pass all his examinations in three years; and then his parents are so rich, and have promised to give such a mass of priceless ornaments and jewelry!"

PLAINS TELEGRAPHY.

ONE of the most remarkable scouting parties on record was sent out by General SCOTT, just before the battle of Cerro Gordo, on the road from Vera Cruz to the city of Mexico. Several young fellows were ordered to hunt for a new road up the hill out of range of the Mexican guns. Not one of them was above the rank of Captain, and yet the party consisted of Generals ROBERT E. LEE, GEORGE B. McCLELLAN, P. G. T. BEAUREGARD, ISAAC J. STEVENS, Z. B. TOWER, G. W. SMITH, and J. G. FOSTER. Their going and returning was watched with deep interest by another young fellow, recently from West Point, named U. S. GRANT.

The commanding officer of a column picking its dreary way across the Southwestern deserts in pursuit of marauding Apaches has no such material from which to make up his detachments. Ten or a dozen men in charge of a veteran sergeant may personally represent half the great nations of Europe. With these may be a cowboy or a Mexican herder, but they will surely be accompanied by two or more Indian trailers, generally Chiricahua Apaches. The life-history of each man would exceed in striking incidents any novel printed this year, but not one looks back to West Point or forward to the command of armies.

The entire Apache-hunting column is a scouting party. In order to sweep as wide a belt of country as may be, it must send out its feelers right and left, and there are often good reasons why a mere squad should keep within communicating and supporting distance of the main body. There is little danger of its being surprised, but the discovery of a fresh trail or of some other interesting "sign" may be news which should go to the commander by telegraph, and not by a pony messenger.

The telegraphic system in use is a very good one, developed and simplified through long years of practice. It is hardly so full as that by means of which General SHERMAN sent word to General CORSE from hill to hill, "Hold the fort; I'm coming"; but it is a reduced branch of it, and answers the purposes in hand. Its home station is in the pair of keen eyes behind the field glass with which at frequent intervals the commander sweeps the horizon. At certain hours he expects a signal, news or no news, but his lookout is never long neglected.

To the eye of the ordinary observer, not a veteran plains campaigner nor a plains Indian, hardly anything could be more hopeless than an undertaking to trace or find man or beast across the treeless, trackless solitudes traversed by our hard-working cavalry. It is weary, tantalizing toil, and they earn their wages well, yet now and then the dull monotony of the long hunt is broken by occurrences of intense interest and dramatic effect.

If a rider well in the advance suddenly pulls in his horse, all other eyes are quickly upon him. His lifted hand or hands, pointing, swinging, utter plain words. He is part of the "signal." He has said, for instance, "Apaches in force, to the right, going southerly." The whole party is halted, and up goes the long, reed-like lance, with its fluttering, party-colored pennon. The news has gone to the main body; but the next signal from the man ahead may call from the sergeant an exclamation. "After us, are they? Let him close up. Steady now. Boys, we must ride for it, or there won't a man of us get in."

THE BAVARIAN HOUSE OF WITTELSBACH.

THE founder of the reigning house of WITTELSBACH in Bavaria was the Count Palatine OTTO VON WITTELSBACH, who, after the proscription of HENRY the Lion, in 1180, became Duke of Bavaria, and died in 1183. The race, however, can be traced back two centuries earlier, to the Margrave LUITPOLD, who was a stalwart warrior, and fell in battle in 907 while repelling an incursion of the Huns. There is no royal house in Europe, with the exception of that of Savoy, that can show so old a pedigree. During the seven centuries which have elapsed since the accession of OTTO there has been a long and somewhat tangled line of dukes and electors, with the usual intestine feuds and bloody squabbles with which rival dynasties in their fierce struggle for existence are wont to harass the people.

Not until the beginning of the present century did the Bavarian sovereigns exchange the ducal coronet for the regal crown. MAX JOSEPH, whose statue by RAUCH adorns the square in front of the Royal Theatre in Munich, was the first King of Bavaria. This dignity was conferred upon him by the express command of NAPOLEON I. at the Peace of Presburg, December 26, 1805, and on January 1, 1806, he formally assumed the royal title at Munich in the presence of his illustrious protector and powerful ally, the Emperor of the French. Circumstances had forced him either to submit to the domination of Austria and be robbed of a portion of his territory, or to join the Confederation of the Rhine and have his domain immensely enlarged, and he wisely chose the latter alternative. MAX JOSEPH was a plain man of very simple habits, in whom political shrewdness and great force of character were happily combined with exceeding good-humor. He associated on easy and familiar terms with all classes, and was even accustomed to drop in on his friends to lunch, frequently accompanied by his consort and a princess or two, and would sit down unceremoniously to a collation of cold veal with beer and cheese.

He dismissed the reactionary Minister, MONTEGLAS, and on May 26, 1818, set aside the council of the three estates (prelates, knights, and municipalities), the so-called Landschaft, which had existed since the fourteenth century, and established a popular representative government by giving his people a liberal constitution. The grateful citizens of Munich still decorate his monument with flowers and laurel wreaths on the anniversary of this event. He died of apoplexy at Nymphenburg, October 13, 1825, and was succeeded by his eldest son, LUDWIG I. It is customary to preserve the hearts of the Bavarian kings in silver urns at Alt-Oetting, a place of pious pilgrimage situated on the Inn, where they are kept in a little chapel, which contains a very old and very black and very sacred image of the Virgin Mary. The urn which holds the heart of MAX JOSEPH bears the inscription, "*Das beste Herz.*"

LUDWIG I. was born in Strasburg, August 25, 1786. His godfather, LOUIS XVI., was represented at the baptism by the Marquis de la Salle, who, in the name of the French monarch, presented to the child a bouquet of brilliants worth 80,000 livres and the commission of a colonel in the French army, with the full pay of 12,000 livres a year from the day of his birth.

The Prince showed an early predilection for artistic and literary pursuits, and finished his studies at the universities of Landshut and Göttingen. He also served with distinction under NAPOLEON as commander of a Bavarian corps in the campaigns of 1807 and 1809 against Austria. His troops opened the battle of Abensberg by storming the enemy's intrenchments at Ofenstetten. This bold and brilliant feat called forth the admiration of the Emperor, who embraced the Prince on the field, and exclaimed, "You deserve to lead a hundred thousand men!" As a special compliment he ordered that the countersign for the whole army on the next day should be *Bavière et Bravouré!* At a later period, as the rigorous treatment of the "rebellious" Tyrolese by Marshal LEFEBVRE provoked a protest from Prince LUDWIG, NAPOLEON began to suspect him of being too strongly "German" in his sympathies, declared that he should never come to the throne, and even hinted that he ought to be shot.

The frugality practised by Prince LUDWIG in his private life enabled him to give rein to his ruling passion, and devote considerable sums to the purchase of works of art. In 1816 he laid the foundations of the Glyptothek, in order that he might have a suitable building for the exhibition and preservation of his valuable collection of antique sculpture. What he did as King to build up and beautify his capital and the other cities of Bavaria, and to make Munich the metropolis of art which it has ever since remained, is a matter of contemporary history and of common fame. His munificence in this direction did not cease with his abdication on March 20, 1848, but continued till the day of his death, which event occurred at Nice, February 29, 1868.

Since LUDWIG's time it has become quite the mode for sovereigns to publish books, or at least things which, when bound and backed, do stand on their own edges, and have the semblance of books; but when he first devoted himself to literature the highest circles deemed such an occupation vulgar, and thought there could be no worse misalliance for a crowned head than to be wedded to the Muses. In his case the marriage was, after all, only morganatic; but the fruit of the union was four volumes of verse, rather rude in form, perhaps, and written with a certain kingly contempt of metrical laws, otherwise quite up to the average of German lyric poetry.

Politically the reign of LUDWIG I. was far from praiseworthy. For twenty-three years the clergy exercised a supreme influence in the affairs of state by ministering to the King's love of arbitrary power; the press was gagged, the constitution repeatedly violated and practically suppressed, and the most eminent men of the liberal party were driven into exile or thrown into prison. In 1847 the Spanish ballet-dancer LOLA MONTEZ succeeded in overthrowing the ultramontane Ministry, but she did this in order to further her own ambitious aims, and not in the interests of popular freedom and representative government. LUDWIG I. hated Prussia, and never became reconciled to the supremacy of the house of HOHENZOLLERN, although he did not live to see the establishment of the empire.

His eldest son and successor, MAXIMILIAN II. shared to some extent this antipathy. He was not a strong man either physically or mentally, suffered from spinal disease, and died suddenly, March 10, 1864, of erysipelas. The story of his having been poisoned is utterly absurd. He loved the society of literary and scientific men, and was exceedingly affable and informal in his intercourse with them. He did much for the promotion of historical studies, and raised the character of the university by appointing such scholars as LIEBIG, BISCHOFF, BLUNTSCHLI, GIESEBRECHT, RICHE, SIEBOLD, and SYBEL to professorships, irrespective of their political opinions or religious belief.

MAXIMILIAN married, October 12, 1842, MARIE HEDWIG (born October 25, 1825), daughter of the now deceased Prince WILLIAM of Prussia, a younger brother of the present Emperor of Germany. The issue of this union was two sons—LUDWIG II., whose tragic death has recently excited such general interest, and OTTO I., as he is now called, who has been confined for several years as a lunatic at Fürstenried, a royal hunting-seat about an hour's drive from Munich. The unhappy queen-mother, a kind-hearted woman of quite ordinary mental capacity, still survives, and since her conversion to Catholicism spends most of her time at Elbingenalp, in the Algau Mountains.

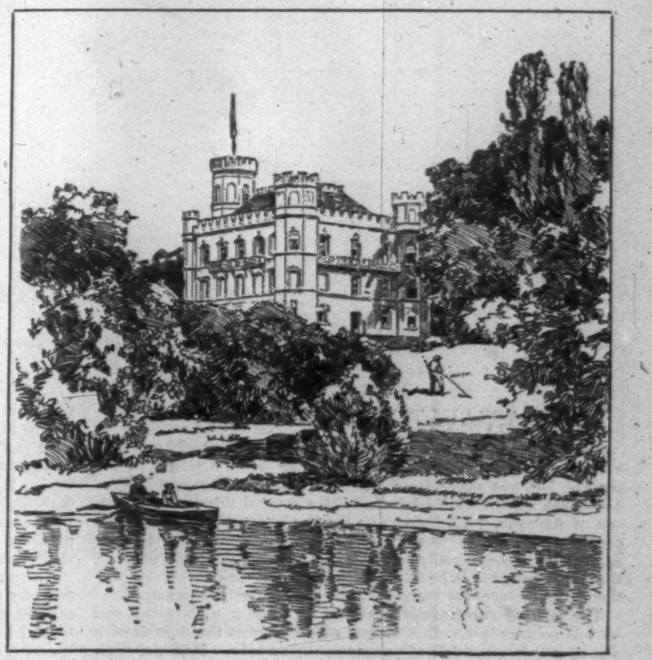
King LUDWIG II. was born August 25, 1845, and was therefore not yet nineteen years of age when he ascended the throne. He was a youth of ideal aims and aspirations, and passionately fond of music, and by his generous patronage of RICHARD WAGNER has linked his name to a great epoch in the development of this most spiritual and universal of the fine arts. WAGNER was an original genius of unquestionable genuineness, but not a pure and noble character. His influence over the inexperienced and enthusiastic monarch was decidedly unwholesome, and tended to foster in him that exorbitant sense of his own royal majesty and absolute power which was the morbid nucleus of his insanity. This was especially the case after the project of building a WAGNER theatre on the Iser had failed, owing to the violent opposition it encountered. The Munichers were proud of having the largest and best opera-house in Germany, and thought, naturally enough, that another one would be a work of supererogation and sinful extravagance. They now see throngs of strangers flocking to Bayreuth, and lament their former short-sightedness.

It would be unjust, however, to make WAGNER responsible for the fate of the King, who, as the autopsy has clearly shown, was tainted with madness from his birth. Perhaps the incipient disease might have been cured if he had been placed under medical treatment as a common citizen, and at an early period; but it grew rank in the atmosphere of servile adulation which constantly surrounded him. Gradually all intercourse with his fellow-men became painful to him; at last he declined to receive even his Ministers, and associated only with grooms and lackeys. He lost all ability to moderate his wildest fancies and most extravagant desires. The castles he built in his heated brain he wished to see realized at once in wood and stone. In 1884 this mania had already not only exhausted his financial resources, but had also burdened the civil list with a debt of nearly eight million marks, which was paid off by a loan. At the time of his death he owed over thirteen millions. As a ruler LUDWIG II. was far more liberal and enlightened than either his father or his grandfather, and in his firm resistance to ultramontane and reactionary influences on the eve of the Franco-German war showed ardent patriotism, sustained by unusual strength of character. The insight and energy which he displayed at that critical period in upholding the Minister HOHENLOHE against the machinations of all his kith and kin (except the distinguished physician Duke KARL THEODORE) ought never to be forgotten by the German people. The venerable Dr. DÖLLINGER will also remember with gratitude the particular kindness of the King when he was under the ban of the Roman See.

The present King of Bavaria, OTTO I., is perhaps the sole example in history of the elevation of a confirmed and incurable lunatic to the throne. But, according to the Bavarian constitution, incapacity of this kind does not exclude the legitimate heir from the succession. OTTO was born April 27, 1848, and, unlike his elder brother, had a fondness for military life. He commanded a regiment of light-horse in the wars of 1866 and 1870–71, and received the Iron Cross as a reward of valor. Soon after the conclusion of peace with France he began to manifest symptoms of mental derangement, so that it was necessary to place him under the care of physicians, first at Nymphenburg, then at Schleissheim, and finally at Fürstenried, where he is now confined. He evinces no intelligent interest in the sad events which have taken place, but takes a childish pleasure in the title of Majesty. His nominal reign begins, of course, with the date of his brother's death, June 13, 1886. The photograph reproduced on another page was taken some years ago. No recent portrait of him exists.

The real ruler of Bavaria is the Prince-Regent LUITPOLD, the third son of LUDWIG I., and born on March 12, 1821. The second son, OTTO, as is well known, was chosen King of Greece in 1832, dethroned in 1862, and died in Bamberg in 1867. LUITPOLD is a soldier by profession, and ultramontane in politics. In 1870 he was strongly anti-Prussian in his feelings, but after the breaking out of hostilities he took active part in the war, and distinguished himself in the decisive battles of Gravelotte and Sedan. He is a warm personal friend of the Emperor, and the irrefragable logic of events has converted him into a sincere supporter of the empire. He is quite a connoisseur, and is fond of paying unceremonious visits to the Munich studios, and of inviting artists to his table. He was married April 15, 1844, to the Princess AUGUSTA of Tuscany (now deceased), by whom he had three sons, LUDWIG, LEOPOLD, and ARNULF, and one daughter, THERESE, a maiden lady of thirty-six years, and of some literary pretensions. LUDWIG, the heir to the throne (born January 7, 1845), is a man eminently endowed with common-sense, a good jurist, and thoroughly scientific agriculturist. His wife is an Archduchess of Austria-Este, by whom he has nine children, so that there is no immediate danger of the Wittelsbach dynasty becoming extinct.

Castle Berg, the scene of LUDWIG the Second's suicide, was built in 1640, and enlarged and beautified by MAXIMILIAN II. It is finely situated on Lake Starnberg, and has a spacious and picturesque park. It is a place, however, of no historical interest, and not at all remarkable architecturally. It was a favorite residence of the late King when obliged to be near the seat of government.



CASTLE BERG.

AFTER MOTHER COUNTRY'S SCALP.

"To whom do the spoils belong if they do not belong to the victors?"—*Senator Vance at Tammany Hall, July 5.*

ASSAULTING AN ICEBERG.

The illustration in this issue of the crew of an American fishing vessel engaged in laying in a cargo of ice is not a mere fanciful picture, but was made from sketches taken off Outercove, Newfoundland, on the 25th of June. As a general thing, at this season of the year, the fishermen on the Banks are able to secure an abundance of ice for the preservation of their fish from floating cakes, but it occasionally happens, as in the instance illustrated, that an iceberg has to be taken by assault, and made to yield a portion of its picturesque exterior to the needs of the fishermen.

The task of successfully boarding an iceberg with picks and bars is no easy one. It is almost as exciting as the pursuit of a whale, and is often full of danger to the unwary. It is the testimony of those who have had large experience in this business that you cannot judge an iceberg as simple men frequently attempt to judge a horse—by mere outward appearances. The berg you are approaching may tower up majestically, with a glistening rounded summit like the dome on the Capitol at Washington, or it may rear splendid picturesque spires like those of a cathedral, or be turreted like the castle at Windsor. Its vast proportions and architectural beauty may give to it in your eyes an appearance of enormous stability, while in truth its foundations are rickety and unstable.

There is no way of telling what unexpected convolutions an apparently sedate iceberg may indulge in at any moment. Its submerged base may be a gigantic mass balancing the exposed portion of the berg as firmly upright as a house built upon a rock, or it may be the most veritable fraud and makeshift of a foundation.

Icebergs rising hundreds of feet in the air, with brilliant scintillating turrets and spires, have been known to topple over without a moment's warning. Unlike the forest trees and other lofty works of nature on the land, decay in the iceberg begins, not at the top, but at the root, the warmer temperature of the water melting it at its base. Moreover, the iceberg seldom presents an easily accessible side to those who would board it, the task of boarding a berg being very much in the nature of scaling a perpendicular wall of glass, with constant and immediate danger of a slide into the sea. The occupation in which these hardy fishermen are engaged is thus one of much greater peril than any one would at first imagine. The right of American fishermen to help themselves to a slice of such random icebergs as they may chance to meet in their journeying, even though the encounter occurs in Canadian waters, has not yet been made the subject of an international dispute.

KING LUDWIG I.

KING OTTO.

KING LUDWIG II. LYING IN STATE.

THE PRINCE REGENT LUITPOLD.

THE QUEEN-MOTHER.

THE BAVARIAN HOUSE OF WITTELSBACH.—[See Page 459.]

OUR TEACHERS' EDUCATIONAL VICTORIES.

Once more the great army of teachers are to take their summer vacation and their needed rest. Two hundred thousand active laborers, from Maine to Texas, cease for a few weeks or months their useful toil. Happily the common-school system now embraces the whole country and every citizen. Texas vies with Maine in the excellence of at least some of its schools; San Antonio has its accomplished teachers as well as Portland. Every section of the Union feels the necessity of knowledge; every section is prepared to admit that it is only on the threshold of the wide intelligence that awaits it in the future. We look forward to the time when education shall soften every character, and blend men together in the equality of a common refinement.

But as yet we are only in the dawn of the art of teaching. The most recent improvement is to make it practical, to inspire children with the love of work, and give to every young man some useful trade. This was the Jewish, the Arabic, the Persian idea; even their princes learned some useful handicraft, and practised it when driven from their thrones. In our republic this universal education in the arts is become more than ever necessary. Our vast fields are still only imperfectly cultivated. We have wasted our agricultural resources by ignorance of the common laws of science. Virgil and Hesiod were better farmers than many of our modern cultivators, the destroyers of the soil. Our forests—the crown of our rural wealth and beauty—we have suffered to be torn away from us. In Germany the Black Forest is finer and more productive than in the days of Gustavus Adolphus. In New York even the Adirondacks are scarcely safe from the spoiler's hand.

The reports of the Bureau of Education point out the condition of knowledge in all parts of the world. The survey is singularly interesting. The dark places of the earth are already touched by the light of a new knowledge. In our own country, even Arkansas has shown a real interest in its common schools, and Florida has its active educators. In Central America, Guatemala and Costa Rica extend a free primary instruction to all. Brazil and the Argentine Republic are rivals in their zeal for knowledge. The republic made education compulsory in 1884; Brazil in twelve years has doubled the number of its free schools. The German states are still the best-educated portion of Europe; but France is rapidly advancing, and even Russia has already some of the best of the European technical schools. Russian students can now build their own railways and bridges. The worst-educated parts of Europe are in Spain, Ireland, and Austrian Poland—perhaps, too, in Russia. In some sections of Ireland—the sections where agrarian crime is active—nearly one-half the people are wholly uneducated. In some parts of Polish Austria almost the entire population is reported illiterate, savage, and wild. Bohemia is a little better trained; but at Schüttenhofen thirty-nine persons in every hundred are no better off than their Polish neighbors.

British India has its excellent free schools; even Egypt and Cape Colony show their zeal for knowledge and public instruction. Africa, once the centre of the arts, is again asking for their restoration. Siberia petitions for free schools; Australia is becoming an enlightened community. But of all the recent triumphs of the teacher, the most complete is that of Japan. The circular of the Bureau on "Education in Japan," 1885, is as interesting and marvellous as a fairy tale. The Japanese fabric of knowledge has sprung up almost in a moment. The native historians relate that their country was once highly educated under its early emperors; at least the schools had sunk to utter decay. In 1872 the first educational law was passed; and Japan now has a system of common schools as complete as that of New York. It has its Kindergarten and its normal schools, its elementary and secondary education, its technical schools, its scientific and law schools, and a university. French, German, English, and Chinese are learned by its accomplished students. Even China itself must fall at last into the hands of the common-school teacher.

Such in 1886 are the victories of education. It is plainly moving over the earth. It softens savage races, and teaches a common humanity. It has produced the rarest discoveries in science and the simplest improvements in life and manners. To what an endless progress in the future it distinctly points we may easily infer.

Eugene Lawrence.

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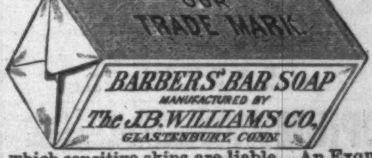

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